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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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MISS MARY CURZON

A charming young débutante of this year and a newcomer in London Society. Miss Curzon is the daughter of the Hon. Montagu and Mrs. Curzon, of Garatshay, Loughborough, and a niece of the Earl of Howe

No 129.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Pictorial Gardening." By G. F. Millan. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Chinese Art." Vol. II. By Stephen W. Bushell. (Board of Education.)
"Irish Peasant Songs." By P. W. Joyce. (Longmans: 6d. net.)
"The Heart of the Country." By Ford Maddox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 5s. net.)
"A Tale of a Tub." By Dean Swift. (Greening: 2s. net.)

NEW FICTION

"Jennie Barlowe, Adventuress." By Elliott O'Donnell. (Greening: 6s.)
"Two London Fairies." By George R. Sims. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)
"The Young O'Briens." By the Author of "Elizabeth's Children." (John Lane: 6s.)
"Cattle Brands." By Andy Adams. (Constable: 6s.)
"A Double Marriage." By Lucas Cleeve. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Undying Past." By Hermann Sudermann. (John Lane: 6s.)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
May 23, 1906

A meeting of foreign anarchists last week testified to the freedom which they enjoy from police molestation in this country. We are glad somebody feels free.

* * *

Meanwhile, it is amusing to note that the good old device of a Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the question of police tyranny.

* * *

What, earlier in the session, Mr. Churchill denounced as quite unfitted to settle whether or not the Rand Chinese are slaves is now recognised as quite fitted to settle whether or not Londoners are.

* * *

Talking of police tyranny, a man has been arrested in Mühlhausen, in Saxony, for sneezing loudly in the main street, and the Russian Government is much alarmed at the possible fate of others of its subjects in Germany who may speak in their native tongue.

* * *

The visit of the German mayors has, by the way, divulged the fact that the German for "*entente cordiale*" is "*Freundschaftliche Beziehungen.*" Otherwise, an improvement in our relations with the Fatherland might have been hoped for.

* * *

We understand, however, that if there is any attempt to foist this phrase on the British workman, who only mastered the French words with difficulty last summer, aided by the soothing suggestion of the last three letters of "*cordiale*," the I.L.P. will take instant action.

* * *

Apropos of the announcement of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's engagement to Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas, it is interesting to recall that the late Max O'Rell used to say that in the perfect marriage the bride should be half the bridegroom's age, plus seven. Mr. Chamberlain's age is forty-two and that of his fiancée twenty-eight.

* * *

Complaints have been made of the manners of the new House. No respect, it seems, is being shown among the Ministerial legions for the card by which a Member signifies his claim to a certain seat. It is only fair to add that no such unsportsmanlike conduct is known on the Tory side. There, if a Member places his card in the middle of a bench, it is understood that he wants the bench for himself, and no other Conservative—should there be one in town—is likely to attempt to share it with him.

* * *

Two Tories were, however, one day last week, noticed to be sitting at the same time on the same bench talking to each other. But then they were Mr. Balfour and Sir E. Clarke, who have not seen each other for *such* a time, and must have had so many interesting City matters to talk about.

* * *

By the way, is the recent talk about the earth's crust to be regarded as the aftermath of the Dear Loaf controversy?

* * *

I see an enterprising contemporary describes the pestering of 'bus and tram passengers for their tickets, in the hope of winning certain prizes offered by a Sunday paper, as a "new pastime." Seeing that ever since the first crude tram or omnibus rattled over the cobbles of the streets of old London the "pastime" has been popular, we fail to see quite where the "new" comes in.

* * *

What was, however, really a new idea, painfully, horribly new, was that of the same journal in patrolling the streets with men attired in German uniforms to boom an "invasion" serial. But why must some papers be so very yellow—in order to be read?

* * *

A sensation was created in the vicinity of the Bank the other morning by the spectacle of a New York Mutual official with a smile on his face.

* * *

The Suffragettes on Saturday urged on the Prime Minister the necessity of women being given some voice in the country's affairs. But, according to the Tories, we are miss-managed as it is.

A bust of Princess Ena

Which has been presented to the King of Spain by ladies of England, whose names are inscribed at the base, and include the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Granby, Lady Cadogan, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Wimborne, and Lady Denbigh

From the Hearth-rug

(*The Blushing Débutante delivers a "Reich" lecture on love in various aspects*)

The Relation of Love to Soap

Mamma and gentlemen! Love is largely a matter of scented soap. If Pine and Oatmeal be rewarded with *Le Trèfle Incarnat*, you cannot blame him if he flies to *Velours à l'Amaryllis*. After all, there is nothing like Glycerine and Cucumber to ensure contented domesticity. Even a mouth-wash has been responsible for a decree *nisi*. Clean your teeth twice a day, do a little golf or polo, and in this age of high-kick emotion you will steer clear of matrimony.

Love has nothing whatever to do with America or the stage. The former's skirts are too short, and the latter gets into the newspapers. When Mamma was in America, she looked delicate, and her proposals numbered eight million dollars. Clothes made you look ill in Chicago. It is a very nice place for a funeral. Before Papa was married, long before Mamma could persuade gentlemen to come to tea, he was in love with a stage lady. He denies it now, but we have got the newspaper cuttings. But still she never gave any At Homes, and as he always used a type-writer, there was no order made about costs.

After the Opera

CONDUCTOR: "Ere y'are, sir, Whitechapel, Mile End Road, Blackwall—penny all the way!"

(Intense disgust of Lord Bouttown, who had been hailing his brougham)

Englishmen never fall in love. They are either impressed or hypnotised. The first class are unfaithful, and the second are uxorious. Both states are equally improper.

And to Hockey

If one of you proposed marriage to me, I should ask, "Have you seen me after a hockey match?" If he replied, "Yes, and I love you," I should refuse him on the ground of distorted infatuation. That's because I could not bear to be loved in a perspiration. Englishmen never know when to be passionate. And love is three parts tact. The other part is, as I have said, a matter of scented soap. The right sort of devotion cannot bear muddy petticoats under any circumstances. And the rich man who would allow his wife to wear cotton stockings loves his money more than he loves his missus. Not that luxury is necessary for love, but I think that some other name should be found for the emotion that tolerates dry shampoos and curl-papers. All that you want, to make "love in a cottage" successful, is a garage and some nice furniture.

As also to Petticoats

There is something eerie about a man who cannot take a sensible, practical interest in petticoats. There is no necessity for him to talk about them; but, sometimes, when you are sitting on the stairs, it is provokingly patent, from the soulless look in a man's eyes, that, as far as he is concerned, you might be sporting a green tarpaulin foundation instead of a pink silk underskirt, rosely suggestive of Psyche on a chocolate-box. Women dress to please men and make other women angry. The other women carry out their part of the contract; and one knows it. But man—he usually ignores your frock and raves about your hands, which are really big, if in proportion.

Mamma cannot persuade me that matrimony makes much difference. It is an entirely mistaken notion to assume that a honeymoon is merely a month's hugging and cannot be revived. A honeymoon is like a musical comedy. Re-dressed at frequent intervals it will run for years. But usually all that happens is a change of principals, which is ridiculous.

B. M. H.

* * *

"We'll set the Law on yer," as the Dulwich Tories said to Mr. Birrell.

* * *

In reporting a match between "Mr. Leveson Gower's Eleven" and Oxford, a contemporary heads the scores of the respective teams "Gentlemen" and "Oxford University." This seems rather rough on Oxford.

* * *

A starling has built its nest at the top of some ammunition boxes in the magazine at Garleton, N.B. We now understand the phrase, "Magazine for the Home."

The Topictator

The Fat Boy Redivivus

(*The* DAILY EXPRESS, *in the notices of its new serial, "The Earthquake," reminds us of the fat boy in "Pickwick"*)

"Missus!" shouted the fat boy
"Well, Joe," said the trembling old lady . . . . "you have always had enough to eat"
"I knows I has"
"Then what can you want to do now? . . . ."
"I wants to make your flesh creep"

Same Thing

(*The Coroner in a recent inquest remarked that the only difference he could see between the Peculiar People and Christian Scientists was that, whereas the latter received payment, the former did not*)

PECULIAR PERSON: "Why so unfriendly, friend? Are we not both working for the same end?"
CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST: "Pooh! Amateur!"

Raising Cain at Yildiz Kiosk

(*Recent events, it seems, have not improved the temper of the Sultan. He is extremely displeased at the want of sympathy shown by a certain Power, and one or two Pashas have lost favour*)

ABDUL: "I shall get peevish in a minute"

The Limit

(*Cambridge gave Yorkshire the worst beating the Champions have experienced for several seasons*)

THE YORKSHIRE CAPTAIN: "Well! for downright, infernal *cheek*—shake hands"

A Dangerous Precedent

(*A policeman recently ventured the opinion in a Police Court that a cabman would not make a charge to which he was not entitled*)

"Lor, mum, I wouldn't ask more'n me fare—not if it was ever so—you arsk the orficer"

RACING NOTIONS

WHAT WILL WIN THE DERBY? By "CARBINE"

What Owners and Trainers Think

What of the Derby now? Flair has gone, Lally is under a cloud, Black Arrow has shown something of his old form again, and Nulli Secundus remains a bit of a mystery. Malua, we are told, is sure to improve upon his Newmarket Stakes running, and there are plenty of good judges who still believe in the Two Thousand winner, Gorgos. Lord Dalmeny thinks he has more than an outside chance with Ramrod, Mr. Thursby speaks hopefully of Picton, Major Beatty expresses the opinion that His Eminence is bound to run well, and at Kingsclere they have quiet but confident hopes of Troutbeck. At Manton, Alec Taylor thinks that Sancy is bound to carry Mr. W. Bass's colours into the first three; while I was informed at Newmarket last week of the great improvement made by Spearmint, who has not been seen in public this season, and is in front of Admirable Crichton.

A Likely Outsider

Another division at headquarters are sweet upon Slavetrader, and what a triumph for Mr. C. S. Newton if he could win the Derby with this likely outsider so soon after being elected a member of the Jockey Club. At Netheravon, again, they think that if anything untoward happens to Lally there will be an excellent substitute in Sarcelle, who, at least, looks certain to beat Picton. Mr. Simpson Jay is inclined to start Marconigram after his recent good form, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild hopes to see his colours carried in a race in which "anything may happen." Irishmen are taking The White Knight as the most promising outsider. Buckminster will be allowed to take his chance, and we can count on Beppo and one or two other competitors whose names have not yet been mentioned in the betting.

An Open Race

Was there ever such a puzzle? Not since Jeddah's year—of which we still hear weird tales of fortunes won at 100 to 1—have the outsiders had such a chance in the Derby. Whatever you fancy you can get a fair price about, and if you do not take Lally, the odds at the time of writing are "nines" and upwards. For one thing I can flatter myself, and that is in urging my readers not to accept the ridiculous prices of 2 to 1 and even 7 to 4 which were offered about Lally a fortnight ago. He is now on offer at 4 to 1, and had Flair not gone wrong it would have been possible to get "sixes" about the present favourite. That Flair should have given way in her hind legs, consequent upon being jarred in the One Thousand, is the worst of bad luck for Sir Daniel Cooper. I am not given to over-confidence in racing matters—*experientia docet* applies here, I am afraid—but I did feel convinced that Flair would beat Lally in the Derby. However, that dream is hopelessly shattered now.

Will Lally Stay the Course?

It may be that Lally may confound those of us who do not consider him really a great colt. Yet if we did not care for him before the Newmarket Stakes, what are we to say of him now, when he only scrambled home the shortest of heads in front of Malua, with Gorgos another head away? This seems scarcely up to Derby form. At one time Lally looked like winning in a canter, but he was stopping fast in the last furlong, and seemed to confirm the belief that stamina is not his strongest point. Epsom is a better course for non-stayers than Newmarket, but the additional two furlongs may make all the difference to Lally, and my opinion is that he will not last out if there is anything to make him gallop at the finish. The first three in the Newmarket Stakes were so much in a heap that, in estimating their Derby prospects, one can only speculate as to their staying powers. Gorgos swerved a little, and may have lost the race in consequence. Anyway, I should not be surprised if he defeated Lally and Malua at Epsom, while if Nulli Secundus has proved himself on the training-grounds to be in front of Gorgos, then the King's colt must be a good thing for the Derby.

And What of Black Arrow?

I am no believer in Picton, but I pause at Black Arrow. What an aggravating horse to be sure. Knowing his sterling ability when in the mood, one does not like altogether to ignore him, but what can be done with an animal so topsy-turvy, "down the field" one day, and on another winning the Payne Stakes like a great stayer? Even his owner and trainer never knew what to expect of him, and while his victory would not cause amazement, I am afraid to trust him. Of the outsiders I like Troutbeck and Slavetrader best. The first-named

---

L. and N.W. Railway Whitsuntide Arrangements

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the Ticket Offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, May 28, to Monday, June 4, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid delay at the stations. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Town Receiving Offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Whitsuntide holidays. Tourist tickets are now issued daily to Scotland, North, South, and Central Wales, Cambrian Line stations, Ireland, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, Windermere, Grange, Ulverston, the English Lake district, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, Scarborough, and other sea-side and inland watering-places. Week-end tickets will be issued on Friday and Saturday, June 1 and 2, and will be available for the return journey up to the following Wednesday, instead of Tuesday, as usual. The Company have also arranged a very full programme of cheap excursions for the holidays, comprising bookings to all the principal points of interest in the three kingdoms.

Some Possible Derby Winners

Photo] **Gorgos (H. Jones up)** [*Rouch*

Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, who is favoured by many good judges for the Derby

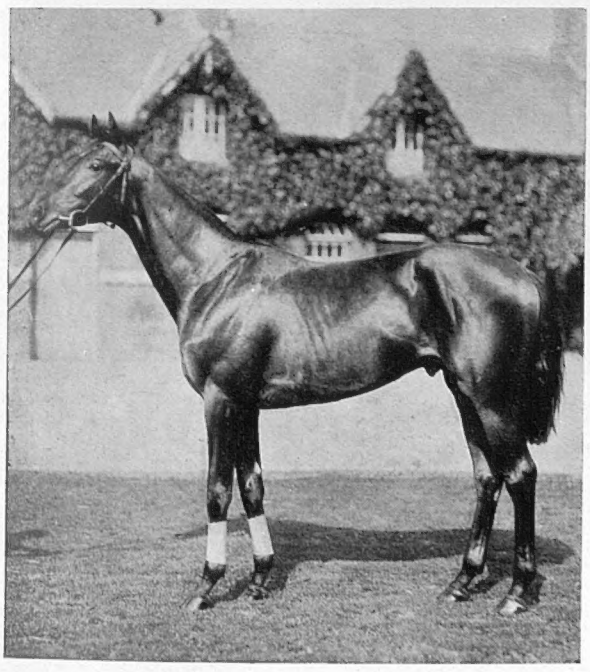
[*Photo* **Lally (B. Dillon up)** [*Rouch*

Winner of the Newmarket Stakes, who, though touched in the wind is still favoured by some for the Derby

has shown vast improvement upon his two-year-old form, and I like the improving sort. Slavetrader is rather an unknown quality. He caused no comment in his solitary race last year, but coming out for the Hastings Plate on May 1, he was made a hot favourite, and won his race in the commonest of canters.

Spearmint Tipped

All that I learn concerning Spearmint inclines me strongly in his favour. One recommendation is that, according to present arrangements, he is to be started in preference to Admirable Crichton, another is that he has been galloped with Pretty Polly and Hammerkop, and emerged from the test with credit. No better trying tackle could be wished for. I am taking, therefore, the bold policy of ignoring Lally and those he beat on Wednesday. My selection is **Spearmint**, and I would remark further that the long odds about Troutbeck and Slavetrader are worth taking, win and place.



Photo] **Sancy (Owner, Mr. W. Bass)** [*Rouch*

Who, his trainer, Alec Taylor, is certain will be among the first three at Epsom on the 30th

Photo] **Malua (Higgs up)** [*Bowden Bros.*

Who, in the Newmarket Stakes last week, showed promising form for the Derby, having only been beaten by a short head by Lally

The PLAYHOUSES

"Raffles" at the Comedy

The many theatre-goers who made *Sherlock Holmes* a vast success will be greatly interested in the play which Mr. E. W. Hornung and Mr. Eugene W. Presbrey have constructed from the well-known story, "The Amateur Cracksman." The atmosphere is the same. Everybody knows exactly what is going to happen, and that the essential incidents will come in a neat, forceful, and conventional way—that is the feeling that hangs about each and all of the four acts of *Raffles*. This is highly reassuring to an audience wearied with the experimental playwright's efforts to touch life and convince the reason. Such ideals do not attract Mr. Hornung and his *collaborateur*. Their idea is to make a drama out of a story, and they construct it piece by piece, point by point, until a complete, well-put-together play can be presented four acts square to the world. There is no disguise about the workshop, one hears the wheels go round. With Mr. Kyrle Bellew as the hero, this method of play-making has proved its trustworthiness throughout the United States.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Who returns to London, and will be seen at the Criterion to-night (Wednesday) in Mr. W. L. Courtney's one-act play, *Undine*, and Mr. Harry Melvill's translation of "La Rafale," which he calls *The Whirlwind*

An American success is not, as a rule, a passport to victory here, but Mr. Hornung's story of the younger son of a younger son who burgles has caught on at once. The lovers of pseudo romance and a certain naughtiness, of doubtful methods and high ends, applaud Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as he skilfully "presents" his view of "Raffles." We have not seen Mr. Bellew in this part, but we feel sure that where the elder actor would be picturesque, theatric, and forceful, the younger is casual, by no means decorative, but quite convincing and sincere. Although the story, with its dear old diamond necklace to be stolen, its semi-amateur, but wonderfully gifted, American detective, and a dozen other delightful figures of forty years ago, is artificial, Mr. Du Maurier's method, the grace and truth and charm of Miss Jessie Bateman, and the simplicity and, perhaps, artful directness of Mr. Graham Browne, transmute the play to a thing approaching life. Miss Sarah Brooke, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and Mr. Laurence Irving play as of the stage, stagely, but are, of course, absolutely sound, firm, and hold the audience with an iron hand. The combination of methods appears to delight the house, and promises a long innings for "Raffles"

"The Shulamite" at the Savoy

The South African veldt is not the most cheery background for a drama, nor are the characters that dwell thereon particularly interesting, but Miss Ashwell's latest production is a powerful play, well written, and well acted. As the young wife of an old (conventional) Boer farmer, and the lover of an English (conventional) overseer, Miss Ashwell infuses vitality and interest into this story of a South African farm as it seemed to us twenty-five years ago. The spirit that animated Miss Schreiner's early work is present with great effect in *The Shulamite*; the vivid sun-bathed country and the gloomy mental outlook; the opportunities for wild romance and the hopelessly melancholy attitude of mind that haunt the veldt are clearly shown in the play. Tragedy is the natural child of dull stupidity, cruelty, and crass ignorance, and there is tragedy in plenty in *The Shulamite*. But for the fact that everybody is tired of the name of Boer, such elemental types as the husband, the wife, the lover, so strongly drawn and so deftly characterised, would make a quick appeal. As it is, in spite of an environment which fills the mind of the spectator with memories and regrets, the first two acts of the drama deeply interest the audience.

Mr. Norman McKinnel's Simion Krillet, the husband, is an admirable presentation, and spares us no whit of the unpleasing qualities of the type he represents. Mr. Ainley is always handsome, careful, and skilful, without being altogether convincing; but Miss Ashwell carried the weight of a powerful play throughout on her shoulders, and was never seen to better advantage than in the cleverly planned, but difficult last act. Her acting was followed with enthusiasm by the audience.

H. W. E. M.

"Raffles"

Miss Sarah Brooke
as
Mrs. Vidal

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier
as
Raffles.

Mr. Dion Boucicault
as
Curtis Bedford.

Mr. Laurence Irving
as
Crawshay.

at the
Comedy
Theatre

Miss Jessie Bateman
as
Gwendoline Conran.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

ROUND THE TOWN

Royal Movements

Her Majesty the Queen holds the first and long-deferred Drawing Room of the season on Friday, and the King, who held his first Levée on Monday, has a second one at St. James's Palace next Monday, on which day the Prince and Princess of Wales are due to arrive in Madrid for the Royal Wedding on the 31st. Royalty, so wide is its circle of relations, seldom expects to be out of mourning, but it was doubly unfortunate that the death of the Duchess of Connaught's mother—the widowed Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia—should have occurred just as Prince Arthur of Connaught was returning to England after his extensive and successful diplomatic mission, for the Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia all went off to Potsdam for the funeral on the very day Prince Arthur's ship touched British waters.

* * *

The King at Newmarket

The King motored down to Newmarket for the Second Spring Meeting each day, and, although the attendance was fairly good, the cold wind did not make racing a particularly pleasant pastime. Lord and Lady Cadogan, with Lady Sophie Scott, Lady Lurgan, and Mr. William Cadogan, motored over from Rutland Cottage every day of the Meeting; and Lady Anne Lambton, with Lord Durham, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Brackley, Lord and Lady Aylesford, Lady Alice Stanley, and Lady Waldie Griffith, were amongst the people who also attended every day. The King, on Thursday, got back from Newmarket in time to see the curtain rise on *La Bohème*, with Melba and Caruso in the cast, and his presence, together with that of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, and Princess Alexander of Teck, turned the occasion into a sort of semi-gala night. On Sunday, the King dined with Lord and Lady Farquhar in Grosvenor Square, and on Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales also honoured Lord and Lady Farquhar with their presence at dinner.

Photo *Photo Press*

A present for Princess Ena

A dressing-bag, fitted with gold and tortoise-shell, from the Isle of Wight, which is among Princess Ena's presents, which otherwise include gorgeous jewels, furniture, lace, pictures, books, and china

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The return of Prince Arthur of Connaught

The Prince (on the right) arriving at St. Pancras after a tour round the world, in which he paused half way to confer the Garter on the Mikado

* * *

Father Pleased!

The announcement of the engagement of the Right Hon. J. Austen Chamberlain to Miss Ivy Dundas (notice of which was sent to the papers in a very happy-father kind of way by the Right Honourable Joseph himself) came as a surprise to most of the happy couple's friends, for the Ex-Chancellor was supposed to be writhing in the throes of sciatica in Algeciras, while the bride-elect was supposed to be engaged to someone else, this "someone" being a member of one of our ducal families. However, it is not to be supposed that the son of "Joe" would allow any little things like that to stand in his way, and I hear that the lady of his choice is well-fitted to grace her part in any post her distinguished future husband may be designed to fill; almost as well fitted, in fact, as the charming lady who is now such a delightful hostess at Highbury, and who was once rather near being Mrs. Austen herself.

* * *

Saturday at Ranelagh

Both at Ranelagh and Hurlingham on Saturday, military bands were playing for the first time this season, and the attendance was quite considerable. Many people were making arrangements to motor down and dine the following day (Sunday), but the terrific rain put a stop to any Ranelagh parties. Lord Willoughby de Eresby was at Ranelagh on Saturday, and amongst others were Lady Kathleen Gaussen, with her daughter; Lady Swinnerton Dyer, the Count and Countess de Lalaing, Lady Aline Lambton, Lord and Lady Byron, Lord Loudoun, Captain and Lady Edith Trotter, and Lady Georgina Mure.

Some Engagements of the Week

Photos

Bassano

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, on whose engagement to Miss I. M. Dundas THE BYSTANDER tenders its heartiest congratulations

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Ivy Muriel Dundas

Daughter of Col. H. L. Dundas, who is engaged to Mr. Austen Chamberlain

Miss Violet Baring

Who is to be married to Mr. Franklin D'Arcy this week

Photos

The Hon. Michael de Courcy

Son of Lord Kingsale, and lieutenant in the 32nd Sikh Pioneers, who is engaged to Miss Constance Woodhouse

Law Brothers

Miss Constance Woodhouse

Engaged to the Hon. Michael de Courcy

British Diplomats in Turkey

Two Famous Ambassadors to Turkey

Lord Currie, whose death is lamented by all those who appreciate a real servant of the Empire when they see one, was, perhaps, one of the firmest Ambassadors ever known at the Porte, and his manner and method were in marked contrast to those of his successor, Sir Nicholas O'Conor, who is a diplomatist rather of the velvet glove than of the mailed fist order. Sir Nicholas, really, loves the Turks, and thinks them by no means a "dying race." He has that charm of manner which is the peculiar gift of the Irishman, coupled with a pleasing modesty of demeanour, and his most salient physical feature is his eyes, which are very striking. In a quiet way, he and Lady O'Conor, and their three daughters, are popular in Constantinople, although they do not go in for entertaining on a lavish scale. Before taking up his present post he was at St. Petersburg, in which capital another Irishman, Mr. Hugh O'Beirne, C.B., has just been appointed Councillor of the Embassy, from being First Secretary of His Majesty's Embassy in Paris.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Hugh O'Beirne, C.B.

Who has just been appointed Councillor of the Embassy at St. Petersburg, having previously been First Secretary of the Embassy in Paris

Lady Granby's Royal Dance

The little dance given in Princess Ena's honour in Arlington Street the other day was a delightful entertainment. Save Princess Henry of Battenberg herself, the *genus* chaperone was conspicuous by its absence, and the fun went fast and furious till two o'clock in the morning. The bride-elect, in palest pink, never looked prettier, and she was simply full of fun and spirits, talking with her girl friends, and giving them invitations right and left to attend her wedding at Madrid. Princess "Patsy" of Connaught looked charming that night. She has the trick of managing her height so that she never appears an inch too tall. Both she and her cousin danced every dance, and came in, both of them, naturally, for a great deal of attention.

Lady Granby, in pale-coloured draperies, and Lady Marjorie Manners, looking really lovely in her "best frock" of all-silver, saw that all their guests had partners. Miss Cecily Horner in cream, Miss Lycett Green in white, Miss Ruby Lindsay looking more like Romney's Lady Hamilton than ever, and Miss Viola Tree in grey and white and wearing a classic

Photo *J. Russell and Sons*

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

AMBASSADORS TO THE SULTAN—PRESENT AND PAST

Sir Nicholas O'Conor, G.C.B. **The late Lord Currie**

It is noteworthy that, at the very time Sir Nicholas O'Conor was scoring a diplomatic victory on the Golden Horn by the surrender of the Sultan over the Tabah question, there should have taken place the death of his immediate predecessor at the post, Lord Currie, who had many a diplomatic tussle with the Turks over the Armenian, Cretan, and other questions

A May Afternoon at Ranelagh

Tea on the Ranelagh Club Lawns

The season at Ranelagh opened last Saturday week, when the gardens were looking at their best. The polo was a match between the Magpies and Ranelagh, which was watched by a distinguished crowd, including the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Marchioness of Ormonde, and Lord and Lady Yarborough

Youthful Talent at the Academy

wreath of myrtle in her corn-coloured hair, were among the girls present, and the bachelors who found highest favour were Lord Anglesey and Mr. Winston Churchill, the latter, in this garden of girls, finding it necessary to be more argumentative than ever! Lady Granby, ever of opinion that beauty unadorned is adorned the most when architectural lines are in question, had allowed her house to be but scantily decorated with flowers—only the white of a candida lily and the scarlet of a tulip set off, here and there, the frocks of the youthful dancers.

It is very suitable, by the way, that Lady Granby should give a dance for Princess Ena, as she (Lady Granby) and Princess Henry are the oldest of friends, Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay, Lady Granby's father, having been equerry to Queen Victoria when both were children. Lady Granby was constantly in the Windsor nurseries, and used to play little duets with Prince Leopold and Princess Henry.

* * *

Youthful Talent

Lady Marjorie Manners' clever sketch of Yew trees in the Academy proves that she has inherited to the full her mother's (Lady Granby's) talent for drawing. Lady Granby's two pictures are in black and white, and are titled respectively, "The Rt. Hon. R B Haldane, K C., M.P.," and "A Study," but her daughter's sketch is in water-colour, and reminds me of her practice of painting views from the roofs of her friends' houses, and also from the top of His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree's Olympian refuge, where, by the way, that gentleman has a most cosy and delightful flat.

"The Conception of the Cross"

A picture which is attracting attention in the Academy for the talent and originality shown by the painter, Mr. Ælfred Fahey, who is the son-in-law of Mr. W. S. Gilbert

Youthful talent, indeed, is very much to the fore in this year's Academy, and it is to be noted that some of the most promising pictures are painted by men and women quite youthful and comparatively unknown to fame. An instance which occurs to me as I write is the talent and originality shown in the two pictures of Mr. Ælfred Fahey, the son-in-law of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose two pictures, "The Conception of the Cross" and a water-colour depicting the old Infirmary Garden, Winchester, are both charming and talented.

* * *

The New Debutante

The old order changeth indeed: in early Victorian days a débutante was kept cloistered like a nun, backboarded and compressed like an Austrian baby, fed on Jane Austen and butter-milk, and, generally, coddled until her presentation, and even that made not much difference, for she was expected to remain painfully *jeune fille* until her marriage. Nowadays, although girls "come out" much later, most of them have seen quite a lot of the gay world before their formal presentation at Court, and seldom miss an opportunity of appearing at all the home dinners and parties, as also at those of their near relatives. Three of this season's most charming débutantes may be said to come under this category. They are Lady Letty Manners, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby; Miss Heneage, daughter of Lady Heneage; and Lady Jean Cochrane, the pretty daughter of the Countess of Dundonald. Lady Letty Manners really came out before Christmas at her grandfather's (the Duke of Rutland's) ball at Belvoir. She is fair and sweet, and fragile looking, and is the happy possessor of the charming manners to be expected from a family so-named. Another débutante who is already fairly well-known in the world is the fourth and youngest daughter of Lady Stanley of Alderley, whose eldest daughter was married to Mr. Anthony Henley, of the Greys, some time ago. Other of the season's débutantes include Lady Dorothy and Lady Cicely Browne, the daughters of Lord and Lady Kenmare; Miss Franklyn, Miss Wynans, Miss Evelyn Butler, daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Butler; Miss Nancy Lycett Green, Mrs. Arthur Wilson's eldest granddaughter; Miss Vivian, daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Jane Vivian; and Miss Mary Curzon, one of the prettiest débutantes of the year, whose portrait forms our frontispiece. She is the only and nineteen-year-old daughter of the Hon. Montagu and Mrs. Curzon, of Garatshay, Loughborough, and has lived a great deal in the country, so she is almost a newcomer to London Society. Her father is an uncle of the Earl of Howe, and Mrs. Curzon was a Miss Fitzroy, a relation of the Duke of Grafton.

* * *

"Quinina"

"Quinina" is the name by which her brothers now call the future Queen Ena of Spain. Apropos of the Royal marriage, I learn of one who has lately visited Madrid, that the Church of San Gerónimo, where the marriage ceremony will be performed, is striking merely for its antiquity. Some years ago the edifice was used as a cholera hospital, and further fell from its high estate to serve as a stable. Anon, irate Fathers rose up to protest at such desecration, and

Lady Granby's Artist Daughter

[Photo] **Lady Marjorie Manners** [Thomson

Who has a clever water-colour sketch in this year's Academy. She evidently inherits the artistic talent of her mother, Lady Granby, who is also exhibiting a portrait of Mr. Haldane, and "A Study," and whose charming portraits of Mr. Winston Churchill and Countess de Benckendorff appeared recently in THE BYSTANDER

"Quinina's" Present from the Pope

church architects were called in to restore its ancient beauties. The steps which lead up to the church are broad and stately, and if enough orange blossoms can be collected together in all the land of Cervantes to carpet the staircase with white, it will be done.

Talking of flowers, I am reminded of the Pope's wedding present to Princess Ena—the Golden Rose. The last Royal recipient of this—to Roman Catholics—most priceless gift was the Empress Eugènie, the bride's godmother, and she has never ceased to congratulate herself on having been able to save it from the wreck of her personal belongings when she was forced to flee from Paris. In the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, in Rome, there are many of these Golden Roses, which are about six inches in height, and fashionéd cunningly in gold, studded with gems to resemble little rose-bushes. The consecration of the Golden Rose takes place on the fourth Sunday in Lent, when the symbol is blessed by the Pope. It is given as a mark of Papal favour, not, it is to be supposed, as a reward for moral living, for two notorious recipients were Queen Joanna of Naples and King Henry VIII. of "wifely" fame. However, the presentation of this sacred bauble to the future Queen of a country, which, above all others, is immersed in the superstitions of Rome, is of far more moment, politically, than appears on the surface. The Spaniards, even yet, have not quite stomached the mating of a Bourbon and a Battenberg, and this gracious indication of high Papal approval, therefore, will go far to smooth the none too rose-strewn path of Spain's future Queen.

Photo *Thomson*

Lord Carrington

The President of the Board of Agriculture, who celebrated his sixty-third birthday last week

Photo *Gillman and Co., Ltd.*

Mr. William Ormsby-Gore

Eldest son of Lord Harlech, now celebrating his coming-of-age

* * *

Some Birthday Peers

Lord Wenlock, Lord Carrington, and Lord Cottenham were all keeping birthdays last week, the latter, unfortunately, on a sick bed, as he has been very ill for some time. Lord Wenlock's only child, the Hon. Irene Lawley, is coming out next year, and it will, perhaps, be remembered that there were great rejoicings in the Carrington family when, some seventeen years after his marriage and after five daughters had been born, a son and heir, Viscount Wendover, was born to Lord and Lady Carrington. Lady Carrington is one of Lord Suffield's daughters, and her sisters are Lady Hillingdon, Lady Musgrave, and Lady Hastings. Congratulations are also due to Mr. William Ormsby-Gore, eldest son of Lord Harlech, who is only now celebrating his coming-of-age, which actually took place in April. The event is to be celebrated on the vast family estates in England and Wales and County Leitrim, in which three countries Lord Harlech, who is one of the wealthiest peers, owns much property. Much of his wealth is inherited from the heiress of Owen Ormsby, a millionaire of the early part of last century. She married a scion of Lord Arran's family, and their son combined both names.

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A Scotch Week

Not all Scotchmen take so much interest in things Scottish as the Marquis of Tullibardine, who has just been placed on the National Army Committee, and who last week presided at the anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and Lord Lovat, who took the chair at the annual dinner of the London Inverness-shire Association. Lord Lovat is, of course, a bachelor, but the Marquis of Tullibardine is the fortunate possessor of a wife whose interest in all things pertaining to Scotland is only exceeded by his own. The Marchioness, who is tall and dark and clever-looking, is the daughter of Sir James Ramsey, of Banff, and is, therefore, a member of one of the oldest families in Perthshire. Although,

Coming-of-Age of the Harlech Heir

Photo *Willoughby*

Lord and Lady Harlech

Whose son, Mr. William Ormsby-Gore, is now celebrating, amid great festivities on the family estates, his coming-of-age. Lord Harlech is a large property owner in Wales and Ireland, and very wealthy

The Case for Christian Science

perhaps, not so obviously talented as her brilliant half-sister, who was some years ago the Senior Classic at Cambridge and is now the wife of the Master of Trinity, the Marchioness of Tullibardine is, nevertheless, a very gifted woman. She speaks, for a Scot, an exceptional number of languages. She sings Scotch songs in a way guaranteed to reduce the sentimental Highlander to a canny melancholy in no time, and has been known afterwards to cheer his drooping spirits by a most realistic performance of the reel.

* * *

Famous Through Misfortune

Of Lady Cynthia Needham it may be safely said that she is "famous" through misfortune, for the two accidents of which she has lately been the unlucky heroine — the last of which was a rather nasty fall from her horse in the Park — have made of her quite a well-known person. Lady Cynthia and her mother, Lady Kilmorey, will not be in town at all this season, as they have gone to Germany, in order that Lady Cynthia may take singing lessons in Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig, as she has a voice which shows great promise. They intend to end their trip in Paris, where Lady Cynthia will probably study under M. Jean de Rezske. Lady Cynthia is not the only musically gifted member of her family, for both her parents are very musical, and her brother, Lord Newry, is one of the best amateur singers.

Photo *Whyte*

Lord Lovat

Who took the Chair at the Annual Dinner of the London Inverness-shire Association

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Newry

The eldest son of Lord Kilmorey. He is a lieutenant in the Life Guards and a talented amateur singer

* * *

The Recent Indictment of Christian Science

A correspondent has addressed the following letter to the Editor of THE BYSTANDER on the much-discussed question of Christian Science, but it must be clearly understood that no responsibility is assumed here for the opinions expressed by the writer:—

The one topic of conversation just now is the evidence and the verdict given at the inquest of the late Major Whyte, who was treated by Christian Science; and as so much fulsome abuse has been showered on the cult, I should like to say a little from a personal point of view. In the first place, let me explain that I am not a Christian Scientist, though I am studying and am deeply interested in the subject, and have attended a good many of the services; I can, therefore, speak as an outsider, who is not prejudiced one way or the other.

Although I never knew Major Whyte, I saw him frequently in the church and being taken about in his bath-chair. I remember so well the first time I saw him, last autumn—he was carried into the Christian Science Church in Sloane Terrace in his bath-chair, in which he sat throughout the service. He was, apparently, a young man, with hair prematurely grey, through trouble or suffering, and looked very white and ill; he followed the service most intently, and joined in the singing. A few weeks later, I noticed that his bath-chair was left at the door of the church, and that Major Whyte was assisted by two men to an armchair placed for him just inside the door. Each week I watched him, and saw his face grow

His "Grounds" for Complaint

IRATE COLONEL: "Waiter, in the advertisement of this beastly place it says: 'Cuisine excellent—own private grounds.' Now, the cuisine's simply atrocious, and the only private grounds I've been able to find are in my coffee"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

The Elizabethan Fête and Its Helpers

healthier and happier in appearance, and by Christmas his cheeks had begun to have some colour in them. I was so interested that I asked who he was and all about him, and I was told about his accident, etc. I heard also that before been treated by Christian Science, for one whole year he had never known what it was to be out of pain for an instant, and that he said he did not know *how* to bear it; little wonder that his hair was grey! Within *five days* of his first treatment by Christian Science all pain left him entirely, and he used to say it must be too good to be true, and that he was afraid some morning he might wake up to find the pain had returned. The last time I ever saw Major Whyte was in January of this year, and he was then so much better that I saw him walk into church with the help of his servant and a walking stick, although I understand the doctors had told him he could never walk again. Why, then, was it that this state of things did not continue? To me it would seem, rightly or wrongly, that the mistake lay in Major Whyte trying to heal himself. He was originally a Roman Catholic, and it is said to be more difficult for a Roman Catholic than for anyone else to understand the Christian Science doctrine. His faith was not sufficiently strong for him to heal himself, and I think this is proved by his returning to his old faith before his death. Had he been a real Scientist, he could not have done so.

I should like to say also that a friend of Major Whyte's, another military man, who had also something the matter with his spine, had not been able to walk for years without crutches; he had been to dozens of doctors in Europe, America, and Australia, and had tried every climate and every kind of remedy, but all in vain. As a last resource, he tried Christian Science last year; he has for some months been able to walk without crutches, and is now perfectly well, able to go about and walk, or anything else he wished to do. We occasionally read in the papers of the failures of the Christian Science treatment, but how often do we hear of the hundreds of cases that have been healed through that treatment, of cases that have been given up by the medical profession as hopeless? It was the personal knowledge of the cure of several of my own friends that has made me interested in the study of Christian Science.

* * *

The Elizabethan Fête

The Princess Christian opened yesterday what promises to be one of the most brilliant charity functions of the season—the Elizabethan Fair and Fête in the hall and grounds of Lincoln's Inn. To-day (Wednesday) the Lord Mayor of London opens the Fête, and to-morrow the United States Ambassador will perform the opening ceremony, while the Duke of Connaught is the president. The Fête is in aid of King's College Hospital, and I believe Elizabethan detail has been referred to in every case with absolute accuracy. The attractions being offered are numerous. Mr. Louis Wain is doing some rapid cat sketches, Mr. W. L. Wylie, A.R.A., is giving some "Pavement Artist Sketches," and the recent Olympian games have ensured great interest in the display of fencing arranged by Lord Howard de Walden. Lady Esther Smith, one of our political hostesses, has been working very hard for weeks past on the Organising Committee, and she has also a stall of books and children's things, at which, amongst others, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Arran, and Lady Harrowby are assisting.

BYSTANDER.

The Marchioness of Salisbury

Lady Esther Smith

Who are taking an active interest in the Elizabethan Fair and Fête in the hall and grounds of Lincoln's Inn this week in aid of the King's College Hospital

Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by the Swedish Artist, Mr. B. Kronstrand*

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Spanish Marriage

The King of Spain won the hearts of the Parisians during his few days' stay in the capital; and when it became known that his marriage was not an arranged State affair but a genuine love match, the sentimental portion of the French nation wept with emotion. Liberal-minded Catholics, however, still shake their heads. England, they say, is not only the land of liberty, but of common-sense, and they are surprised to see a Protestant Princess, brought up in the intellectual and physical manner that characterises an English girl's education, affiance herself to a Spanish monarch. That the Princess should change her religion is a matter on which they do not dwell. This is done every day. On the other hand, they lay stress on the fact that the religious atmosphere in the Spanish Court is very different from that in other Catholic countries. A stale *auto-da-fé* smell hovers about it. And then the etiquette—the Spanish etiquette! We wonder whether the sweet English Princess has ever read Mme. d'Aulnoy's famous book describing her stay in Madrid, when Charles II. was on the Spanish throne, a work published in 1690.

A typical aristocratic mansion in Madrid

The house of a Spanish grandee is usually a long, dreary-looking building, flush on to the street, which is furnished in the most sparse fashion, and without any suggestion of luxury. On the above will be noted, to the right of the doorway, the Badge of the Inquisition, which used, in olden times, to exempt the occupant from molestation

Etiquette Run Riot

Things since then have certainly undergone a change, but, comparatively speaking, so little, that Mme. d'Aulnoy's memoirs may still be used as a Court Guide. The writer tells us,

The Escurial (Royal Palace), Madrid

Princess Ena's new home will be one of the most magnificent Royal palaces in the world. It is of colossal size, and was first inhabited in 1764 by Charles III. A notable feature is the walls, which are in some places a hundred feet high

among other things, that one day, as the Queen mounted her horse, the animal reared and she fell to the ground, her foot catching in the stirrup. Several men rushed to the horse's head and kept him quiet. But what about the Queen? She struggled in vain to free herself, and nobody dared to come to her assistance, because none but the lady who attended to the Queen's shoes was allowed to touch the Royal foot. At last two officers risked their liberty—and possibly their necks—to help Her Majesty; and having performed their duty, jumped on their horses and succeeded in escaping the punishment that otherwise would have awaited them. Parisians wish the young couple every happiness, and wonder how the English Princess will thrive in that austere Court, and the ultra-religious *milieu*.

* * *

Beautiful Bagatelle

A charming exhibition of retrospective French Art has been opened by the President of the Republic at Bagatelle, the famous residence of Sir Richard Wallace, situated in the Bois de Boulogne. It rained in torrents on the day of the inauguration, but the bad weather did not affect the attendance. Automobiles are as common as asparagus just now, and a quarter of an hour's drive in the rain was fully atoned for. There is, in truth, no more delightful spot than Bagatelle for a display of pictures. It is imagined that the Parisians will take advantage of the new acquisition made by the City of Paris, and devote a few minutes *en passant* to this fairy palace during their daily drives in the Bois. £260,000 is no small sum to pay for a property that the people should not benefit by it. And it is estimated that thousands will spend their Sundays in the grounds. And during the week, too, it will be as fashionable and as easy to make appointments and meet friends here as at the Louvre Museum or the tea-rooms

M. Fallières visiting the Castle of Bagatelle, which has just been purchased by the State

This beautiful property, which has cost the nation £260,000, is likely to become one of the most popular resorts in Paris. On the opening day, though the rain poured in torrents, "everybody" was there

* * *

A Book Being Talked About

The marriage question continues to be the inexhaustible theme for our novelists and playwrights, and not long ago a lady author came out with the rather startling assertion that if men treated their wives like they do their mistresses, conjugal felicity would become the rule instead of the exception. I do not know whether Roland Hauteroche, the hero in M. Eugène Joliclerc's new novel, "Joujou Conjugal," was inspired by this author's teachings. He certainly tried the experiment, and it led to unexpected results. Without a taste for home-life, yet tired of the society of ladies of the half-world, Roland marries an inexperienced provincial girl, in order to secure a pleasant, well-bred companion who will share his pleasures. It is a kind of life for which the young bride was hardly prepared; but the novelty of the thing attracts her, and she gladly follows her husband and delights in theatres, late suppers, etc. After a while she tires of this life of excitement, wherein love seems to be sacrificed, and she puts her foot on the dangerous incline that leads to adultery. Fortunately for both, Roland's jealousy is awakened, and, for the first time, husband and wife exchange serious glances. Roland then understands the mistake he made. He will now seek his happiness where he knows it awaits him, and the Boulevards will know him and his little wife no longer. It is a well-written novel.

* * *

The "Affaire" Once More

As everybody knows, the Dreyfus affair will soon come on before the High Court of Appeal, and, if rumour proves true, a few surprises may be in store for us. It will be remembered that Colonel Henry, having admitted he forged a document "for the good of the cause (!)," committed suicide, and took the secret of why and by whose orders he committed that deed with him to the grave. The next sensational event was the arrest of Colonel Piquart, whose courageous attitude in believing in Dreyfus's innocence raised an outcry among the "militarists," who persecuted the Colonel, and compelled him to resign. Since then, things have changed, and at the coming trial we shall see Dreyfus's two great champions, Colonel Piquart and M. Joseph Reinach, once back to back, now opponents so far as Colonel Henry is concerned. "Henry was a scoundrel," exclaims M. Reinach, "he was hand in glove with the villainous Esterhazy. Remorse caused him to put an end to his wretched life." And in the six volumes M. Reinach published on the Dreyfus affair, Henry is mercilessly taken to task. But Colonel Piquart takes a different view. "Henry was not a scoundrel," he says, "but a misguided creature, the victim of the militarists, whose orders he foolishly executed, and who left him stranded when the truth came to light." By rehabilitating Henry, Colonel Piquart hopes to pierce the haze that still enshrouds the *affaire*, and show us the real culprits, or, rather, the share of responsibility each of them has incurred.

Lancelot Lyzer

"La Vie Parisienne"

A characteristic example of the art of Mons. Jules Cayron, whose colour drawings of ladies representing "Parisian Life" are now being exhibited at Graves's Galleries, 6, Pall Mall

"The Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville

Mr. Farren Souttar (The Hon. Raymond Finchley)

The clever son of the late Nellie Farren, who is now taking a prominent part in *The Belle of Mayfair*

Miss Irene Desmond

One of the many beauties appearing in *The Belle of Mayfair*

Photos *Bassano*

Miss Camille Clifford and a galaxy of "belles"

Miss Clifford has now forsaken the "Gibson Girl" rôle for that of a "Mayfair Maiden

"Romeo and Juliet" Brought Up to Date

Photo *Bassano*

Mr. Farren Souttar and Miss Edna May in the Balcony Scene in the "Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville

The Hon. Raymond (Mr. Farren Souttar) tries to persuade the "Belle of Mayfair" (Miss Edna May) to elope with him in his car, but this extreme course is not necessary, as Sir John Chaldicott gives way, and instead of a runaway match, the play ends with an orthodox wedding

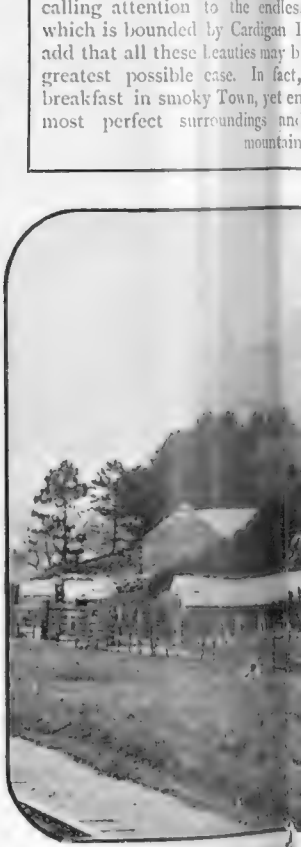
Beauties of Camb

Aberdovey
A charming little sea-side village, which lies in the centre of some of the loveliest of Welsh scenery, now being opened up by the Cambrian Railway

A picturesque spot in the "Happy Valley," near Aberdovey

A typical Cambrian mo

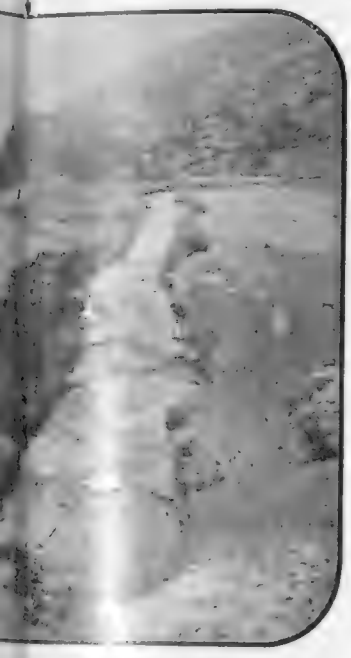
Now that holidays are alread
Whitsuntide is almost upon us
calling attention to the endles
which is bounded by Cardigan I
add that all these beauties may b
greatest possible ease. In fact,
breakfast in smoky Town, yet en
most perfect surroundings and
mountain



Harlech Castle, from the

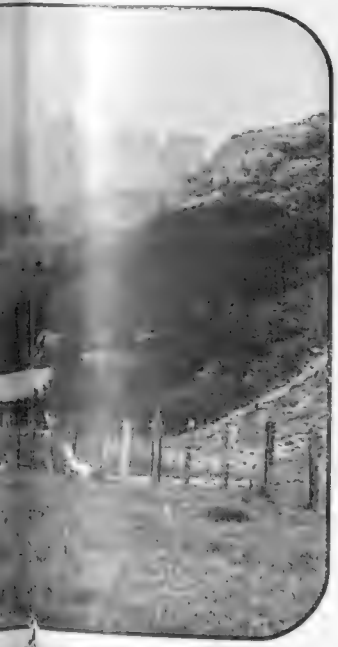
mbrian

Coast Scenery



rian mountain trout stream

already be[ing] debated—and that upon us—w[e] ...ake no excuse for endless attr[a]...ions of the country rdigan Bay. [It] is but necessary to s may be seen and enjoyed with the In fact, a Lo[n]doner can swallow his , yet enjoy his luncheon midst the gs and pure[st] life-giving Welsh ountain air.



m the Cambrian Railway

Barmouth: The Viaduct over the estuary

A promenade, over half a mile in length, which is flanked by the mountain of Cader Idris (on the extreme left), and on the south of the town of Barmouth. The estuary runs for miles inland, almost to Dolgelly, and is bounded on either side by rugged mountains

The south bank of the estuary by Barmouth Junction

Barmouth is well known to tourists for its beautiful situation, and its sea and mountain air

"Coppelia" at the Empire

["Coppelia" is a favourite ballet on the Continent, and has been brought to England at the suggestion of Queen Alexandra, who was delighted with it when she saw Genée dancing in it some time ago at the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen. Delibes' taking music to the ballet is known, of course, in this country]

Coppelius (Mr. Fred Farren), an eccentric inventor, entertains the beautiful Swanilda's lover (Miss Dorothy Craske) in his workshop

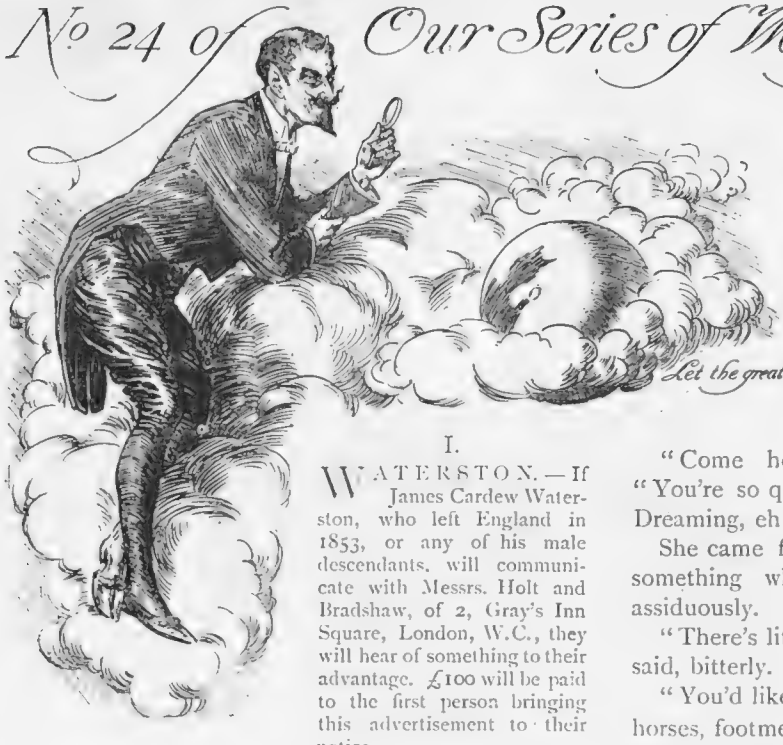
Under the influence of a drug in his cup, he forgets Swanilda and falls in love with an automaton

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Mlle. Genée (Swanilda) **Miss Dorothy Craske** (her lover)

Swanilda (Mlle. Genée) substitutes herself for Coppelius's wonderful automaton, and pirouettes (as only Genée can) to the delight of the inventor. Eventually, however, she dances herself into the arms of her faithless lover, who promptly repents of his faithlessness. The ballet is beautifully staged and danced

No. 24 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Heir Male

By J. B. HARRIS BURLAND

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

I.

WATERSTON.—If James Cardew Waterston, who left England in 1853, or any of his male descendants, will communicate with Messrs. Holt and Bradshaw, of 2, Gray's Inn Square, London, W.C., they will hear of something to their advantage. £100 will be paid to the first person bringing this advertisement to their notice.

Hugh Waterston, only son of the said James, looked at the advertisement, which was marked in blue pencil, and then at the ill-spelt and ill-written letter which accompanied it.

"What a windfall for old Peter," he said to himself. "He won't be sober for a year."

He stretched out his arms and yawned. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with a bearded face that had been tanned by constant exposure to the wind and sun. He had been born in New Zealand, and for twenty years he had farmed the land which his father had held before him. The life suited him, and though the work was hard, and it was often difficult to earn more than a bare living, he was content. His neighbours were not quite so prosperous, and he envied none of them.

He filled his pipe, lit it, and read the advertisement again. Then he looked through the other columns of the paper, and found a paragraph which had escaped the watchful eye of Peter Corfield. It described a yachting disaster in which Lord Crawcour and his two sons had lost their lives, during a gale in the Irish Channel.

He regarded the paragraph for a few moments with a quiet smile. Then he frowned, as though suddenly confronted with a perplexing problem.

"Anne!" he shouted, in a rough, hearty voice that might have been meant to carry to the other end of the house.

A small, thin woman rose from a chair placed by one of the large windows. She had once been good-looking, and perhaps her face had been sweet and gentle. But the hard work of years had sharpened her features, and her disposition.

"What is it?" she asked, in a thin, querulous voice. "I'm not deaf."

"Come here, old girl," he replied cheerfully. "You're so quiet, I thought you were in the kitchen. Dreaming, eh?"

She came forward, with her work in her hands—something white that she had been stitching assiduously.

"There's little time for dreams in this house," she said, bitterly. "It's work from morning to night."

"You'd like a rest, eh? Nothing to do? Carriages, horses, footmen, diamonds, a yacht? Sit down here and go on with your sewing, Anne. You don't know when you're well off."

She gave him an acid look of resignation, and sat down on the hardest and most uncomfortable chair she could find.

"I sometimes think," she said, as she resumed her sewing, "that sister Isabel has got the best of it."

The man laughed—an infectious, cheerful laugh; but the woman's face grew more sour and unpleasant. She counted it one of her greatest trials that her husband never lost his temper.

"Buck up, old girl," he exclaimed. "I've got good news for you. I've just heard from Peter Corfield. He wants me to give him £100, and what's more, I'm going to do it."

"A hundred pounds," she said slowly. "And I've not had a new dress for two years."

"You shall have one a day for the next two years, Anne—there, I've only been teasing you, old girl. Read all this."

He thrust the newspaper and Peter's letter into her hand, and waited to watch the effect of the news.

"All that don't amount to much," she said harshly. "I've heard they put in these sort of advertisements to catch thieves."

The man roared with laughter, snatched the paper from her hand, found the paragraph about Lord Crawcour, and passed it back to her, with his finger on the first line.

"Read that," he shouted. The woman read and understood. She knew that her husband was a distant relation of the great Earl. She rose to her feet, and her worn face went as white as a piece of paper. The sewing fell from her fingers to the floor.

"It ain't true," she gasped. "You can't fool me.

Another "Worldly" story next week

(All rights strictly reserved)

You'll play your tricks on me once too often, Hugh Waterston."

"It's quite true, Anne," he replied. "Don't get excited about it."

"Dolt! blockhead!" she screamed. "Lump of wood! Do you mean to say that you can sit there smoking when you know that you're an Earl? Where's the book?"

She darted across to the roughly made bookcase, pulled out a volume, and turned over the pages feverishly.

"Here you are," she cried. "'Stately Homes of England! Waterston Hall, seat of the Earl of Crawcour.'"

"We've heard all that before," he said. "You always read it to me every New Year's Eve."

"'Noble park, five square miles in extent!'" she ejaculated, passing her finger along the lines of print. "'Marble staircase that cost £10,000! Room occupied by Queen Elizabeth! Ornamental water twenty-four acres! The Crawcour property extends from——'"

"That'll do, Anne," he shouted. "It's just like an auctioneer's catalogue."

"Look at the picture," she cried, thrusting the book under his eyes. "Look at the deer browsing on the lawn!"

"You're going dotty, Anne. I doubt if you'll be happy when you've got it all. You're not built that way. I can enjoy myself anywhere."

"You're a fool," she retorted sharply.

"Well, we shall see if the Countess of Crawcour is happier than plain Anne Waterston—— Good God, I had forgotten!"

He rose sharply to his feet, with an expression of horror on his genial face. Then he snatched the "Stately Homes of England" out of his wife's hand, and flung it to the other side of the room.

"You get on with your sewing, Anne," he said, in a lower voice than he had used for some years. "You're not the Countess of Crawcour. You're just plain Anne Waterston. I'd forgotten."

"Forgotten your manners, I should think," she replied, tartly. Then she saw the look in his eyes, and she caught hold of his sleeve with her skinny fingers.

"Hugh," she cried, fiercely. "What is it? What do you mean?"

"I mean, old girl," he replied, "that when you and I get to England, the law won't reckon you to be my wife. I married your sister before you."

"What does that matter? Isabel's dead, isn't she? Aren't we man and wife—in sight of God or man? Haven't you the certificate saying as we're married—all properly set out? What do you mean, Hugh? It's you that are dotty, I'm thinking."

"The law is different in England," he answered, slowly. "A man may not marry the sister of his dead wife. When we get there, you'll be looked on as—well, just as a woman who lives with a man that's not her husband."

"And Dick?" she asked, in a thin voice, "our son, Richard?"

"He will be illegitimate. He cannot succeed to the title or estates. But buck up, old girl. If you've got to be plain Anne Waterston, I'll stay as I am. I'm very comfortable, and there'll be a fine crop of wheat this year."

The woman's face looked worn and old, but her eyes flashed with the courage of youth.

"You are a coward," she said, harshly, and then she left him, and walking across to the window, looked down the slopes of the hill to the valley beneath. In the distance she saw the tall, lithe, young figure of her son.

Hugh Waterston re-lit his pipe, which had gone out in the excitement of the moment, and threw forth a cloud of smoke between him and his wife. He was waiting for a wild outburst of rage.

But sour, querulous women often face a serious difficulty with greater coolness than their sweet-tempered sisters. Mrs. Waterston's voice was quite calm when she had decided what to say to her husband.

"We must go to England," she said, as she resumed her seat in the hard wooden chair. "Richard must not be robbed of his birthright."

"Eh, what?" queried her husband. "What d'you mean? Dick has no rights."

"He is my lawful son and you are my lawful husband, in the sight of God and man. Haven't you the certificate—all properly set out."

"Don't be a fool, Anne."

"Who's to know," she continued, "that I am the sister of your dead wife?"

"Several people know."

"No one knows about here," she persisted. "Very few know that you were married before. One or two in the South Island know, perhaps. We are not likely to meet them in England. We won't talk in these parts about our good fortune."

"Peter knows, and he'll talk."

"Not if he's paid to be quiet," she said, as she stitched the linen with steady fingers.

Her husband looked at her in amazement. She spoke with the hardened assurance of a trained criminal.

"Anne," he shouted. "You're mad. It would be wicked and sinful."

"It would be right," she replied, quietly. "And I'll go to church without shame. Laws ain't everything, Hugh. God's justice and truth are greater than laws. You are my husband, and Richard is your lawful son — to take your place when you're dead."

"It's madness, wicked madness. We can stay here and draw all the money."

"And Richard—when you're dead?"

The door swung open and Richard Waterston himself entered. He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of nineteen, with a brown, honest face, clear grey eyes, and a rather determined mouth.

"There'll be money for us, this year," he said, gravely. "Old Wilkins says he's never seen such a strong looking bit of wheat as ours."

"Come here, Dick," said Mrs. Waterston, "and don't talk about the crops that you won't be here to reap. Your father is Earl of Crawcour, and you're —I can't call your name to mind, but you'll find it in the 'Stately Homes of England,' if you pick 'em up off the floor."

(Continued on page 394)

An Artistic Photographic Study

Photo *Bassano*

After Murillo

An interesting photograph of Miss Mabel Greene, who was lately one of *The Little Michus* at Daly's Theatre

(Continued from page 390)

II.

The funeral was over. Hugh Waterston, tenth Earl of Crawcour, had been laid in the family vault, and his son was owner of the family estates for such time as Fate suffered the sword to dangle over his head.

Dick Waterston knew nothing of the sword. But it was heavy and sharp, suspended by a thread twined in the unsteady fingers of a splendid drunkard.

Three years had elapsed since the late Earl had succeeded to the Crawcour title and estates. He had been cut off in the prime of life, without any time for putting his house in order. A fall at a stiff fence and the brutal strength of a horse's hoof had struck him out of existence without any reference to his future plans. On a quiet deathbed he would have had much to say to his son, but the words were left unsaid.

The dinner at Waterston Hall on the day of the funeral was scarcely less impressive and melancholy than the funeral itself. The great dining-room was almost sepulchral in its gloom. Lady Crawcour sat at one end of the long table, and her son at the other. The widow, with her small, thin face, her expensive mourning, and the jewels which flashed on her thin, white fingers, seemed singularly helpless and pitiful.

The meal was eaten in a silence that was only broken by a few irrelevant remarks. But during the desert, one of the footmen entered with a card, which he handed to Lord Crawcour.

"Peter Corfield," said the young man. "I don't know him. Singularly dirty card. Don't know him. Ask him to wait. Mother, do you know Peter Corfield?"

Lady Crawcour laid down a peach which she was trying to peel, and dipped her fingers in a bowl of rose-water.

"A friend of your father's," she said quietly. "You'd better see him, and get it over."

"I'll see Mr. Corfield in half an hour's time," said the young man. The servant left the room.

"A friend of father's? Surely he has not come here at this time to sympathise."

"No, he's come for money."

"What do you mean, mother? A tradesman?"

"I'll tell you, Dick, if you'll come and sit down here by me. I can't shout across the table."

Lord Crawcour picked up his glass of wine, and seated himself by his mother's side.

. . . . .

Peter Corfield was by no means a safe receptacle for any secret of importance. His hard, brown face showed no traces of drink, but the tremor of his hands, and the uncertainty of his ideas and movements, betrayed the one failing of an otherwise genial nature. On this occasion he was painfully sober and depressed.

"My father paid you £300 a year, I believe," said Lord Crawcour, lighting a cigarette and offering one to his visitor.

"Yes, m'lord—thank you, m'lord, I don't smoke."

"Who is the next heir?"

"There ain't one, m'lord, so far as I can find out."

"And I suppose you've tried your best? It would be worth your while to find h'm."

"Your poor father was an old friend, m'lord," the man replied, reproachfully. "It weren't so much a question of money atween us."

"I see. Well, look here, Mr. Corfield, I'll go on paying you the £300 a year. But you'll have to give up the drink. It isn't safe."

"Oh, I ain't one for the public-house, m'lord. I drink my little drop quiet like at home. I don't ask no friends in, neither."

"Married, eh?"

"No, m'lord, nor likely to be."

"That's good. Well then, you'll get the £300 as usual—till I decide to chuck the whole business. It's dishonest, you know."

"Chuck the whole business," gasped the man. "And your poor father, as good a man as ever breathed——"

"It was different for him. He was entitled to the property. I am not."

"Dishonest?" repeated the worthy Peter. "Why, m'lord, you ain't keepin' no man out of 'is own."

"Well, anyhow, for the present I'll give you the £300 a year—£25 a month. Good-night."

But Peter did not rise from his comfortable chair.

"You'll excuse me, m'lord," he said timidly. "But I was a friend of your poor father's, and it weren't exactly a question of money atween us, like as it might be atween you and me, m'lord."

"I see, you want more from me. Well, you won't get it, Peter."

"It's worth more," the man continued, gloomily. "Your poor father was, as you says, entitled to the property. You ain't." He neither whined nor threatened, but stated an incontrovertible fact in a rather despondent tone. Young Lord Crawcour smiled.

"No, Peter," he said, pleasantly. "It would be wrong of me to give you more. It would be a fresh bargain. Besides, I've just informed you that I may tell the truth myself."

"It would be very hard for me, m'lord."

"For both of us, Peter."

"Aye, and your poor mother, m'lord, and the sweet lady that's goin' to be your wife, m'lord—bless her kind heart."

"This is blackmail, Peter. You deserve ten years in gaol. But you do it all so pleasantly that I can't be angry with you. I'll make it four hundred, as it may not be for so very long. Good-night."

Peter Corfield rose, expressed his gratitude in a few well-chosen words, and left the room.

When he had gone, Lord Crawcour wrote a short note, addressed the envelope to a certain Lady Violet Transom, and ringing the bell, gave orders that a groom was to ride over at once to Silcote with the message and bring back an answer.

Then he lit a cigar, leant back in his chair and tried to concentrate his mind on a problem that was all too difficult for so young a man.

He had to thrash it out alone, without the help of his mother or the woman he loved, and he had to come to a decision before he went to bed that night, or, at any rate, before he saw Lady Violet in the morning.

. . . . .

"Now you know the truth, Violet. I only knew

(Continued on page 394)

Travel and the Camera: In the Alhambra

Photo *Ward Muis*

The famous Fountain of Lions in the Alhambra, which was recently visited by the Queen

One of the treasures of the great palace in Granada. It is a magnificent alabaster basin, with twelve lions emblematical of strength, power, courage, etc. These are supposed to be the work of Spanish prisoners

(Continued from page 392)

it myself last night. I have decided to let all the world know it to-morrow."

Lady Violet Transom looked away from him, and appeared to be interested in the landscape. She was a slight girl, with small, delicate features, and large grey eyes—a striking contrast to the sturdy Colonial who loved her.

"It is a cruel shame," he continued. "But one can't alter all the law. I've no business to be where I am, and I'm going to clear out."

"And your mother?" the girl asked, faintly.

"I am sorry for my mother. She and my poor father did all this for my sake. I had a very painful interview with my mother this morning."

"You are the lawful son of your father," she murmured. "And you say there is no heir. By every moral right the estate and title belong to you."

"Law and morality are not the same," he replied, quietly.

"No, and conscience is not bound to conform to the law. In the case of religion, Dick, it has often refused to do so. Then there is the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. It may be passed this session."

"It may not be passed," he said, gloomily. "But that doesn't matter, Vi. We've got to take the law as we find it."

"How do you propose to live, Dick?"

"My father has saved £30,000 out of his income. Possibly he foresaw difficulties in the future."

"And you have decided—definitely?"

"Yes, dear," he answered. "I have decided."

"Without consulting me or your mother?"

"Yes. I know my mother's decision. And I hope that I know yours. You would wish me to do the right thing, Violet."

"Even if it separated us?"

"Even if it separated us," he repeated slowly.

"You have great confidence in my strength, Dick. So you will go back to New Zealand."

"Yes," he said coldly. "I shall take my mother back to a country where she is a lawful widow, and I am a lawful son. It is a beautiful place, and one can be very happy there—on quite a moderate income."

For a few moments there was silence, and the girl did not look at the face of the man she loved. She was trying to imagine his future—and her own—separated by the whole width of the world.

"You are a fool, Dick," she said, after a long pause. "But then I am a fool, too. I will come with you to New Zealand."

She looked up into his face, as he caught her in his arms; and then both forgot their folly.

. . . . . .

Unfortunately, Richard Waterston did not even get the full credit of this honourable decision. For the night before, Peter Corfield, exalted by his extra £100 a year, leapt out of all control, and achieved the greatest drinking feat of his whole career. And a certain sober man, of whom there were not many in his company, found sense in a string of incoherent words that streamed for the most part on unheeding ears.

But though it was never quite clear to the ignorant whether the false Lord Crawcour had spoken of his own free will, or had been forced to a tardy confession, one thing was certain, and known to all men. He returned to New Zealand, and Lady Violet went with him as his wife, in spite of the opposition of every friend and relative that she possessed.

J. B. Harris-Burland.

Not Bombarded After All: The Sultan's palace (Dolma-Bagtche) from the Bosphorus

Had the Tabah dispute had other than a peaceful solution, the above would possibly have been the rendezvous of Lord Charles Beresford's squadron. The Yildiz Kiosk is seen on the hills in the distance, and the palace facing the stream is that of Dolma-Bagtche, in which the Sultan holds occasional Courts. A Turkish battleship can be seen in mid-stream, and a large flotilla of pleasure *caïques*

Travel and the Camera: In Amsterdam

Photo *Ward Muir*

A canal in the "Venice of the North" reflecting a row of houses

Amsterdam is noted for the innumerable canals with which it is intersected. The above is a remarkable photograph of the houses of a "slum" reflected in the water beneath

The American Idea of Sea-side "Cottages"

"Crossways," the Newport residence of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish

"Beechmond," Mrs. Waldorf Astor's cottage at Newport

"Roselawn," Newport, the summer "cottage" of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs

AT the present day we have no place in England which compares, socially speaking, with Newport. Bath, Bournemouth, and Tunbridge Wells, once upon a time, in the days of Beau Brummel, stood to England as Newport does to America. England's Upper Ten now go to Baden-Baden, Kissingen, and Homburg, and even these are "infested," as they themselves would say, by people of the *bourgeois* class, which nowadays goes everywhere. If these same people, in America, dared to go to Newport—the exclusive and "rapid" retreat of the New York Four Hundred—they would be so ostracised, they would want to sink into the earth with shame at the unwarranted intrusion of which they had been guilty.

Newport boasts few natural beauties, and, compared with some of our lovely southern seaside resorts, it is about as beautiful as Brighton or Margate; but it is the chosen summer rendezvous of the aforesaid Four Hundred, who, when New York gets unbearable, fly *en masse* to Newport.

Millionaires' Retreats at Newport, R.I.

The Hon. Perry Belmont's summer residence at Newport

The Cornelius Vanderbilt "cottage," "The Breakers," Newport

"Wakehurst," the residence of Mr. J. J. van Alen

Great mansions, somewhere about the size of Buckingham Palace, but called cottages, which have stood shuttered and hermetically sealed nine or ten months of the year, suddenly blossom out into the abodes of the *crême de la crême* of New York Society. The biggest, most luxurious "cottage" of the lot is the property of Newport's leader, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the lady who made herself famous by walking through the fountain in Madison Square Gardens in an evening frock one summer night, when she and a merry party were making their way home from a dance. The feat was accomplished to win a bet, and the lady was accompanied through the waters by a gentleman known in both hemispheres as "Freddie." Of course, the Vanderbilts have their "cottage," as well as Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, and most of the other well-known leaders of fashion in New York, including the Hon. Perry Belmont and Mr. J. J. van Alen. Miss Helen Gould is conspicuous by her absence, and, indeed, Newport is no place for any but the butterflies of the world.

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Gardening for the Million." By Alfred Pink. (Unwin: 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Art of Shooting." By Charles Lancaster. (2s. 6d.)

"Gulliver's Travels and Other Works." New edition. By Jonathan Swift. (Routledge: 6s. net.)

"Pictures from the Balkans." By J. Foster Fraser. (Cassell: 6s.)

Fiction

"The House of Cobwebs." By George Gissing. (Constable: 6s.)

"The Black Motor-Car." By J. B. Harris-Burland. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

"Two London Fairies." By George R. Sims. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)

Motor Books

The prevalence of the motor-car in recent "literature" has been duly noted by many critics, and, not wishing to be out of it, I beg to record the fact that it has not escaped attention here. This office, in fact, has lately become a positive garage for motor books of various sizes and makes. There have come here, useful, technical motor-books such as "The Motorists' A B C," "The Complete Motorist," "Motor-Car Mechanics for Beginners," etc., for which, being a non-expert, I have no hesitation in offering undiluted praise. But there have also come here motor books of another character—motor novels.

Some Motor Novels

To give a title or two of such books received I may mention: "A Motor-Car Divorce," by L. Closser Hale; "The Car of Destiny," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson; Mr. Le Queux's "Mystery of a Motor-Car"; Mr. Sidney Paternoster's "Motor Pirate"; and Mr. Harris-Burland's "The Black Motor-Car." One may well ask why so many authors should have decided at the same time to drag in the motor-car. As it is now nine and a half years since a dismal, mud-begrimed procession to Brighton proclaimed the emancipation of this species of "locomotive" from the man with the red flag and the four-mile speed limit, surely it is scarcely a novel theme. Why, even poetry, as exemplified in Mr. Henley, gave voice to its vibrations so long ago that "A Song of Speed" is almost classic already. Prose, really, should not lag so woefully behind its sister. Nor is it behind only in the matter of time. None of the motor novelists whose books I have scanned seem to have made a better use of the motor than to give a modern atmosphere to melodramatic plots. By puffing petrol through their pages they have sought to give an impression of up-to-dateness which their stories would otherwise hopelessly have lacked. The motor has been used, in fact, as a vehicle by which the lazy fictionist could be carried through his commissioned serial without the necessity of bothering to evolve a new idea, new combinations, and new characters. The same old motley array of heroes and villains, with the same old assortment of virtues and vices, are trotted out, and because they help on their heroisms and their villainies by means of motors of various makes (for names, see advertisement pages of this number), they are to be regarded as new. So far, no writer has essayed to give us the deeper, the more philosophic, view of the motor life, or to trace new phases of character behind the disfiguring mask and goggles of the motorist. The "Sartor Resartus" of automobilism has yet to be written, or, apparently, thought of, which is scarcely creditable to the literary fraternity.

Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland

The popular author, whose *Black Motor-Car* (E. Grant Richards) is just out, and who, also, is a contributor of stories to THE BYSTANDER, one of which appears this week

Mr. Burland's Latest

Mr. Harris-Burland, who, by the way, is known to readers of THE BYSTANDER as the writer of two or three of our "Worldly" and other short stories, of which one appears this week, makes use of the motor-car comparatively little, despite his title, in *The Black Motor-Car*, and, perhaps, for this very reason I must exempt him from the charge of employing the contrivance in the way above denounced. There is, of course, a motor-car in his story, and it happens to be black, and it is of considerable use to the principal character of the novel, one criminally disposed person of the name of Porteous, *alias* Jordison, in executing various gory felonies. But Mr. Burland manages to crowd such a variety of stirring and blood-curdling episodes into his book, that the black motor-car has to share honours with a variety of other thrilling devices. Certainly there is not a dull or an unsensational chapter in the story, which is ingeniously worked out and startling in its evolutions; and not the least attractive feature of it is the admirable local colour furnished by the Essex marshes, by the creeks and swamps of which the chief action takes place.

The Town View of the Country

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is not quite in his element in *The Heart of the Country* (Rivers : 5s. net). I do not say that he displays here any less of that considerable literary power and sense of atmosphere which made his "Soul of London" so fascinating, and his "Fifth Queen" so fresh and unconventional. All the Hueffer machinery is at work in *The Heart of the Country:* the clear crisp diction, the power of giving vivid pen pictures of people and things, but I feel that the country demands none of this kind of literary patronage. We do not want the woods and fields explained to us by so essentially urban and cosmopolitan a pen as that of Mr. Hueffer. He is altogether too wise, too experienced, too sophisticated to write of Nature. The writer of country impressions must have something of the Hodge psychology. Like the yokel, who, when asked what it was he sat thinking about all day, replied, "maistly nowt," the country writer should be more or less vacant so far as ideas are concerned, though fluent enough in the relation of facts. Mr. Hueffer, representing, as he does, the thinking, moody, worldly-wise townsman, with a literary style of careful manufacture and refinement, is scarcely the man to write about hedgerows and fields, and cottages and peasants, and there is about his comments on things pastoral, a reminiscence of the saloon passenger afloat writing of the steerage, an incessant reminder that the thing seen is seen by one above. Nowhere does one feel that, in Mr. Hueffer, one is following in the path of a solid nature-lover. He is far too intelligent, he knows too much, and he writes too well. Country impressionism, to be properly and artistically expressed, demands a certain dulness of mind, and, preferably, a dialect, and the present author, unfortunately, has neither.

A Prolific Lady-Author

The week brings two novels from Lucas Cleeve: *A Double Marriage* (Fisher Unwin) and *The Secret Church* (John Long). But, then, I am doubtful if any week for some time past has not brought something fresh from the pen of this versatile lady, who, be it said, is the daughter of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and the wife of Col. Howard Kingscote, and who, to quote her own description of herself, was educated at "The School for Scandal," and has had a chequered and varied career. To be prolific is, of course, no vice. But, in literature, it certainly is no virtue. I am inclined to think that Lucas Cleeve would be well advised to write a little less, if only to keep the right side of the harmless and, from the writer's standpoint, necessary reviewer. He is, really, bubbling over with kindness, if properly understood, but one of the worst ways to impress him is to rain your products on him to the tune of dozens a year. It is not genius, I believe, that Proverbs says "ye may know by the multitude of his words."

VIVIAN CARTER.

Photo *Fradelle and Young*

The Society of Authors' Dinner: General view of the guests

The annual dinner of the above Society took place on May 9th, under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.B. The guest of the evening was Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and there were many celebrities (and others), more or less literary, present

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Earl of Winchilsea

Lord Winchilsea, the subject of my notes this week, belongs to the veterans' brigade, and is a very fine representative of that doughty brotherhood which still so often proves an insuperable obstacle to the ambitions of the younger division. I am not quite clear as to where Lord Winchilsea acquired the rudiments of golf, but in the days long ago, when I first met him at St. Andrews, he was already playing a very sound game, with every promise of developing into a first-class player. This promise he amply fulfilled as the years went on, the acme being reached in the Amateur Championship of 1900 at Sandwich, when, by admirable play, he forced his way into the fifth round.

Photo *Willoughby*

Royal St. David's Golf Club

Lord Winchilsea *(left)* and the Hon. Club Secretary, Mr. W. H. Moore *(right)* at the Harlech links

An Encounter with Mr. Mure Fergusson

In one of the previous rounds he had to meet the redoubtable Mr. Mure Fergusson, who, in private matches, had been invariably conceding him a shade of odds either in strokes or holes up. The ordinary observer would, therefore, have been inclined to back Mr. Mure Fergusson as a pretty certain winner of the match, seeing that it was being played on level terms. But the result went the other way, and the Earl scored a most creditable victory. I have no doubt that the psychological effect of the absence of the usual handicap inspired Lord Winchilsea, and possibly depressed Mr. Fergusson. The former had nothing to lose in reputation by being beaten, while the other was, no doubt, haunted by the fear of losing to an opponent on level terms whom he had often beaten when conceding odds to him. I am confirmed in this supposition by the recollection of Mr. Fergusson's remark when answering my query as to the result of the match: "He beat me; I knew he would, when I wasn't giving him the usual handicap."

Lord Maidstone's Golf Progress

Lord Winchilsea's style of play reminds me somewhat of Andrew Kirkaldy's methods. He has the same rapid swing, or rather, to describe it more accurately in both cases, swift flick with the forearms, and gets away, like Andrew, a very long ball indeed, with apparently very little effort. His short game is quite first-class, and his putting excellent. I do not know whether he keeps up the same form which brought him into such prominence in 1900, but perhaps he prefers now to rest on his laurels, and watch the prowess of his son, Lord Maidstone, to whom I offer my heartiest congratulations on attaining his majority. Lord Maidstone has represented Oxford against Cambridge this year and last, without success in either case, but he will, no doubt, make amends for this in the future. Both he and his father are very fond of the Harlech links, the course of the Royal St. David's Golf Club. I have not had the good fortune to visit this famous Welsh course, but I know it well by repute as being unrivalled in the beauty of its surroundings, and well able to hold its own, from a playing point of view, with even the best courses in the United Kingdom.

"The World of Golf"

It is always a pleasure to welcome the appearance of a new course, a fresh golf club, or an addition to the number of papers which devote themselves exclusively to the chronicles of the game. The latest comer is entitled *The World of Golf*, and appears, as befits a golfing journal, in a smart red jacket. It speaks volumes for the popularity of the game that a weekly paper of the excellent calibre of the new-comer should be able to appear for the modest sum of one penny, and should present or promise to its readers contributions by some of the best authorities on the game.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Highland Counties' Golf Tournament

This well-known and extremely popular fixture will be played during the months of May and June. The Argyleshire Golfing Team are at present holders of the beautiful cup presented by Sir Robert Finlay, K.C. The matches will be played at Totteridge, North Surrey, Muswell Hill, and Acton Golf Clubs. Any golfers hailing from the Highlands who would like to play for their respective counties are invited to apply for particulars to the hon. secretary, Gordon McDonald, 6 and 7, Cross Lane, Eastcheap, E.C.

Royal St. David's Golf Club

On the links below Harlech Castle

Lord Maidstone putting on the second green. Behind him is his father, Lord Winchilsea, and on the extreme left, Mr. Moore, Hon. Secretary of the Club, which possesses one of the most picturesquely situated links in the Kingdom

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Royal St. David's links, showing the Castle, and the golf house below, with mountains in the distance

The Connoisseur.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF AN "ENSEMBLE"

One marked drawback to the widely catholic taste in decorative matters that is, perhaps, the main characteristic of our time is a result of confusion and clashing of interests This is more felt at the present time than in any other period, because, as our cities have increased, our rooms have become smaller. The convenience of the London flat, for example, is decreased by the want of size and proportion in most of the rooms, and this lack of space is frequently accentuated by the crowding of furniture and *objets d'art* gathered by the hobby hunter for his ultimate discomfort. Happier results would be obtained if the collector set out upon his quest with the determination to keep within a period or only to affect those objects which would add to the decoration of his rooms as a whole. Of course, cabinets discreetly veiled by glazed doors may contain vast stores of incongruous specimens without doing harm to the general effect, but it is when a small room falls a victim to an enthusiastic collector of all periods and all places that chaos reigns again. To beautify and to simplify at the same time is good advice—if it were not a counsel of perfection. Many efforts have of late, however, been made towards this end, and one of the most satisfactory we have seen is shown in the photograph of part of a modern "fitted" room by Messrs. Gillows. The style is, practically, of the Sheraton satin-wood time, the fireplace and other accessories being in keeping. The problem is to arrange a small bedroom so that the result is at once comfortable, useful, and beautiful. Such a piece of work would have delighted the ingenious mind of the eighteenth-century designer. To have enclosed the whole room with cabinet-work and utilised every foot of space was the sort of scheme that Sheraton would have particularly enjoyed; he shows this in many of his clever designs, and in his characteristic articles on cabinet-work. Of course, the arrangement in the photograph we give is adapted to twentieth rather than eighteenth-century requirements, and it is in this application of the graces of the past to every-day uses that the practical connoisseur can be of most service to his fellow-man and to the arts. In small rooms of all kinds this particular style of fitting is valuable and attractive, but the owner must be content to adjust himself to his environment, and not destroy the *ensemble* by a constant influx of chance "finds" and casual purchases.

E. M.

A modern "fitted" room in satin-wood (by Gillows), after the Sheraton manner, but adapted to present-day uses

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Base-Ball at Plumstead

The fact that, in London, there are already ten base-ball clubs in existence shows that we have more players, or would-be players, of that game in our midst than would ordinarily be supposed. Saturday's match at Plumstead, with which the British Base-ball Association formally opened its season, was, therefore, an interesting event. The sides consisted of a team of Rhodes scholars from Oxford and a team representing London, of whom five out of the nine were Englishmen. The Oxford men, as was anticipated, proved the winners by 19 to 7, but the London side showed proficiency, and the game all through was played with quite enough skill to render it interesting, the throwing and fielding being very accurate and smart.

Lawn Tennis: The Encouragement of Match-Play

In deciding not to sanction the holding of any new open tournaments in the vicinity of the Metropolis, the Council of the Lawn-Tennis Association has recognised the importance of doing something in aid of the cause of match-play. For it is, unfortunately, too true that wherever there is plenty of tournament play to be had, match-play suffers in proportion, and the reason why match-play flourishes by comparison so much more in the North than in the South is that players in the North have fewer tournaments to entice them away from their allegiance to their club or their county. In the South, the antagonism begins nowadays almost with the commencement of the grass season, and becomes more and more acute as the weeks go by, with the result that the task of raising a team for any kind of match becomes increasingly difficult, and has often to be abandoned in despair. There can be no doubt that if there were more team-play in lawn-tennis the game would be thought even more of by the public at large than it is at present. Anything, therefore, which is done with a view to encouraging match-play is to be welcomed, and it is to be hoped that the Council of the L.T.A. will not rest content with what they have already done. A great deal can still be achieved in the way of giving greater prominence to the County Cup Competition, as well as to the various minor competitions organised by County and District Associations affiliated to the L.T.A.

Base-ball in England: London v. Oxford University at Plumstead

A team of Rhodes scholars from Oxford played on Saturday a London team, of whom five out of nine were Englishmen. The Oxonians won by 19 runs to 7. The players above are W. A. Clive (2nd base, London) and P. M. Young (catcher, Oxford)

The Part Played by the Leading Clubs

The leading clubs could also do a lot, if they chose, to this end, and it is certainly a pity that the All-England and Queen's have, practically speaking, no match list. It might be argued that they are so overwhelmingly strong that no other clubs could touch them; but there would be no necessity for them to play their full strength even when they could—which would probably not be often—and there must be any number of good men in each club who only have leisure for a few tournaments, and would welcome the chance of a good match once a week, or perhaps oftener. By way of contrast to this state of affairs, we find in the Chiswick Park Club a flourishing centre of match-play. Though not quite as strong in crack players as it has been in other years, the club has a good membership of fair average players, both old and young, and the committee believe in the policy of giving them plenty of matches. This season, it is hoped to run three teams more or less regularly. Another leading club where match-play is well looked after is the Gipsy Club. It does as much in this way on the North side of London as Chiswick Park does on the South, and it would be a very good thing for the game if equal energy were forthcoming at Wimbledon and West Kensington. Much of the present prosperity of the Chiswick Park Club (whose lawns, by the way, are in first-rate order in spite of the dry spring) is due to Mr. H. J. Burkill, its hon. secretary, a man who is as enthusiastic in his work as in his play, and who devotes much of the spare time which would otherwise be spent in court to the drudgery incidental to his office. He is always on the look out for rising talent, and can tell something about the form of nearly every player in the club.

Mr. H. J. Burkill

The Hon. Secretary of the Chiswick Park L.T.C.

The 'Varsity Teams

The Southern tour of the Lancashire team, which includes matches against Oxford and Cambridge, has given the first "line" as to the comparative merits of the two sides, and for once in a way Oxford appear to be the better, though the 'Varsity match is, of course, some way off, and a lot may happen between this and then. Cambridge have only one of their last year's team left, K. Powell, and the new men tried against Lancashire were F. G. Lowe, H. Sharpe, S. B. Winch, E. R. Blundell, and R. C. Simpson, the golfer. Cambridge won the Singles by 4—2, but lost the Doubles by 3—6, giving Lancashire the victory by the odd event. Oxford, on the other hand, have four old Blues available, E. R. Paterson, F. C. Uhl, E. N. Crowder, and W. T. Pott. The side was completed by A. H. Lowe (a brother of the Cambridge man) and O. Plunkett, while W. A. Fleet played *vice* Pott in the Singles, and the team beat Lancashire by 5—1 in the Singles, and 6—3 in the Doubles—a very fair performance.

Tobacco-growing in Rhodesia: A Colonial rival to the Turkish weed

The British South Africa Company have sent us a few sample cigarettes, which they have placed on the market, of tobacco grown in Rhodesia from the finest Turkish plants, and, speaking with some of the taste of the connoisseur, we can honestly say that there are no more perfect flavoured Turkish cigarettes than those grown by the Chartered Company. For the purpose of drawing attention to them, the Company are selling the cigarettes at 6*s.* per 100, but application must be made direct to them, at their offices in London Wall Buildings. The tobacco is absolutely pure and unadulterated

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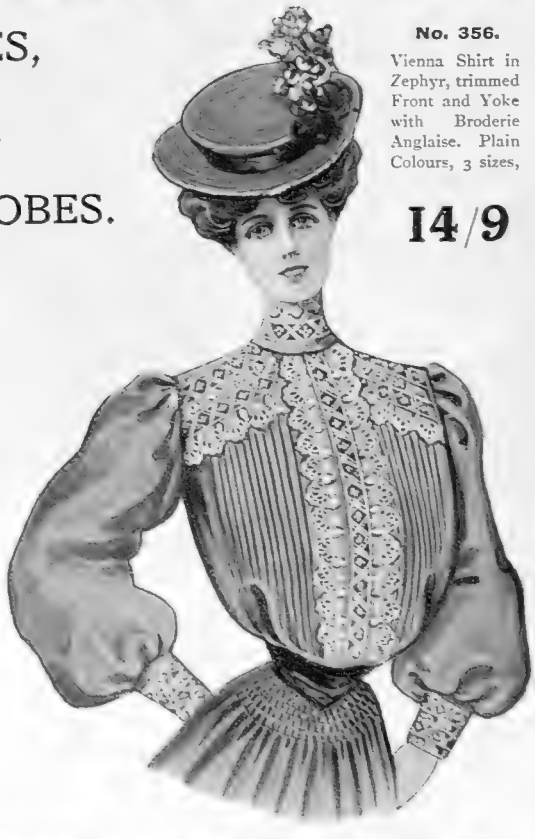

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More of Princess Ena's Trousseau

A very interesting fact in connection with Princess Ena's trousseau is that the models supplied were inspired by Gainsborough, of Hanover Square, who has been entrusted with a large millinery order, and were made by English hands in his own work-rooms.

Standing prominently forth in pleasant recollection is a picture hat of black Leghorn, the brim bound deeply with black velvet, and the whole literally swept by a white ostrich feather, that finally found its way through a slit in the brim at the back, where it fell over the hair. A suspicion of a tilt, that brought a reminiscence of a Gainsborough touch, was wrought through the medium of an exquisite subdued pink rose, repeated above in the front where the ostrich feather starts.

Also of more or less picturesque kind is a *paille d'Italie*, trimmed with a profusion of pink roses, and accompanied by the most bewitching pink chiffon ruffle, or, rather, stole, fashioned into form by masses of *bouillonnée*, arranged at intervals and encircled by wreaths of tiny shaded roses. A curiously clever scheme of shading is a petunia straw, wreathed with rose du Barri roses, in graduated tones, a hat directly designed to accompany a grey toilette.

A white Nell Gwynne feather is the chief attraction of a white crin and lace confection, the brim lined with superposed frills of lace—a veritable garden-party hat. While for wear with simple morning gowns there is supplied a Manilla of navy blue, delightfully mingled with cornflower blue, repeated in shaded ribbon and cornflower blooms. And for a like end there comes a natural coarse basket straw, draped with folds of white chiffon and two monster white wings. Pink malmaison and *ciel*-blue ribbon—Princess Ena's favourite colours—adorn a highly becoming shape of Tuscan, the crown entirely of drawn chiffon, a white reindeer cloth motoring cap, with curtain and strings of the same fine flexible fabric, bringing up the rear with much convincing elegance.

Charming creation by Paquin for Miss Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair"

A Paquin Persuasion

The exquisite evening toilet pictured here is worn by Miss Edna May in *The Belle of Mayfair*, and was specially designed and created for her by the Maison Paquin. It is a dream of soft flowing draperies, the actual dress of white net embroidered with long silver bugles, while long scarves of white chiffon fall back and front to the hem of the gown, weighted at the ends by a beautiful raised embroidery of pearls and old silver and silver tissue, a decoration that is somewhat more lavishly employed on the *bébé* corsage, that finishes quite simply with a tucker.

The millinery at Paquin's grows more enthralling every week. They are doing rather delightful things with a real black lace veil, the front whereof falls loosely over the face, while the ends are caught into natural draperies at the back. A noticeable model is carried through in a Watteau pink straw, an immense blue bird, with outspread wings, forming the sole decoration apart from the black veil. Very *chic* is a small *chapeau* of elephant grey straw, with appreciable bowler crown and infinitesimal brim, the former wreathed with Sèvres blue cherries and green foliage, crowds of blue taffeta loops effecting the drawn-back appearance now so much in vogue.

Of course, as was only to be expected, Paquin has got quite away from the ordinary with a feather ruffle, that comes as the veriest relief from the wearisome long feather boa. These ruffles just effect the requisite neck finish, and conclude either side the front, with hanging loops and ends of velvet or ribbon. They are composed of an indescribable mingling of ostrich and marabout, dyed to every conceivable outside and delicate colouring.

Coloured Shantung—The Success of the Season

The virtues of this fabric have at last been recognised, and it stands to-day an easy first in appreciative favour. At John Barker's, Kensington, they are selling an excellent quality—single width, of course—at 1*s.* 9½*d.* a yard, and the colours, particularly the Sèvres blues and subdued rose shades, are quite indescribably lovely. There is an eminently artistic air about this Shantung, and its virtues are shown forth at their best in a creation of studied simplicity. Akin with the little linen and muslin frock, so delusive

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in their apparent economy, Shantung owes a large share of its success to extraneous assistance, in the shape of cutely contrived silk petticoats. The stuff, of itself, is of a somewhat clinging character, and the end arrived at is to maintain this appearance, while, at the same time, achieving a greater degree of comfort in the wear. And a silk petticoat is alone capable of bestowing this last.

Notwithstanding the reasonable price of the material, I have small fear that it will be of the *genre* of things quickly vulgarised. To the veriest tyro the fact is self-evident that it does not lend itself to elaboration, and there is no distinction more insistently shunned by the little dressmaker than a style that is based exclusively on cut and finish. Speaking of which calls to mind a resolution I had,

The triumph of the capelet
An attractive model of white cloth with cut cape and narrow inlet of guipure lace
(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

to extol the charms once again of the time-honoured alpaca.

At a noted *atélier* in Dover Street there was revealed to me the ideal navy blue frock of alpaca. The skirt was an umbrella of sorts, with a flow at the hem only to be accounted for by a double-width material, the general impression being a bias cut everywhere. A black satin ribbon or fold of piece satin defined the base, surmounted by a line half the width, this note of black occurring again on the simple full bodice—that was fashioned altogether on the cross—in the form of large Directoire revers, which met an infinitesimal turnover collar of white cloth.

The Triumph of the Capelet

The model depicted is a charming example of white cloth arranged with cut cape and narrow inlet of guipure lace, a wider insertion imparting a graceful appearance to the shoulders, while the neck is finished by a narrow falling frill of *plisse* lace.

THE MENU: ON FISH COOKERY

Sole au Gratin

One oz. butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, four chopped mushrooms, ¼ lb. breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, lemon juice, stock. Wash and skin one large sole or two small ones, remove the head and fins, score the fish with a knife, rub it with lemon juice, season with pepper and salt, well butter a china fireproof dish, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, put in the fish, put over it the chopped mushrooms and parsley, cover it well with breadcrumbs, on the top of which put a few pieces of butter. Put in enough stock to surround the fish, but not to cover it. Bake till hardly any gravy remains. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

Shrimp or Prawn Curry

Take 4 oz. of butter, put it into a saucepan, and slice into it two onions. Fry them till brown over a slow fire, then remove the onions into another dish. Have the prawns picked, and rub one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder over them, and put them into the melted butter, and stew over a slow fire until the meat becomes a light brown. Add as much gravy as will cover the prawns; season with a little salt then stew over a slow fire, and when the gravy has become thick, add a cupful of milk or cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix the whole together, and serve hot. A dessertspoonful of chutney is an improvement.

Salmon Soufflé

One oz. of butter, ½ oz. flour, quarter of a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, one egg, 2 oz. salmon, salt, cayenne. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, and milk, stir till it thickens; add the anchovy sauce and the yolk of an egg; rub the cooked salmon through a sieve, season it with cayenne and salt, add it to the other ingredients; last of all, stir in the white of an egg, beaten stiff; grease a tin mould, put a buttered paper round, half fill with the mixture; bake in a quick oven.

Fish Omelette

Remains of cold boiled white fish, four eggs, a little white sauce, a tablespoonful of milk or cream, 1½ oz. of butter, pepper, salt, cayenne. Free the fish from all skin and bones, break it into small flakes; melt a small piece of the butter in a small stewpan, add the fish, seasonings, and enough white sauce to moisten the fish; keep it hot; slightly beat the eggs in a basin, add the milk, and season to taste; melt a full ounce of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the eggs, stir over a hot fire till the mixture begins to set, then shake well, shape it in oval form, put the prepared fish in the middle and fold in the ends, allow it to colour, then turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

Sardines Maitre d'Hotel

Take six sardines, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one thin slice of onion pounded fine, one tablespoonful of chili vinegar, half a pint of melted butter, and a round of toast; scrape the sardines, arrange them neatly on toast, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon juice and cayenne to it.

EMILIA.

Tidying Up

The average woman commences to "tidy up" as soon as the rest of the household have departed either for business or school, and she usually becomes so absorbed in her occupation that, being alone, she will not trouble to prepare a light lunch for herself, but simply goes on straightening things out until it is time to get the meals ready for the homecoming of the family. She tells herself she can wait and have her dinner with the others, and naturally is too "done up" to enjoy it. Some form of light nourishment is necessary during the day, and (according to Sir Francis Laking, the King's physician) Currant Bread (either White or Hovis) answers the purpose exactly. It is a perfect food, inexpensive, light, digestible, and contains all the elements which sustain and nourish the human body. The currant is rich in valuable grape sugar and albuminous matter, and it imparts to bread a relish which makes it just the very thing for the housewife to eat at odd moments, and thus enable her to go through the long intervals between her regular meals without exhaustion.

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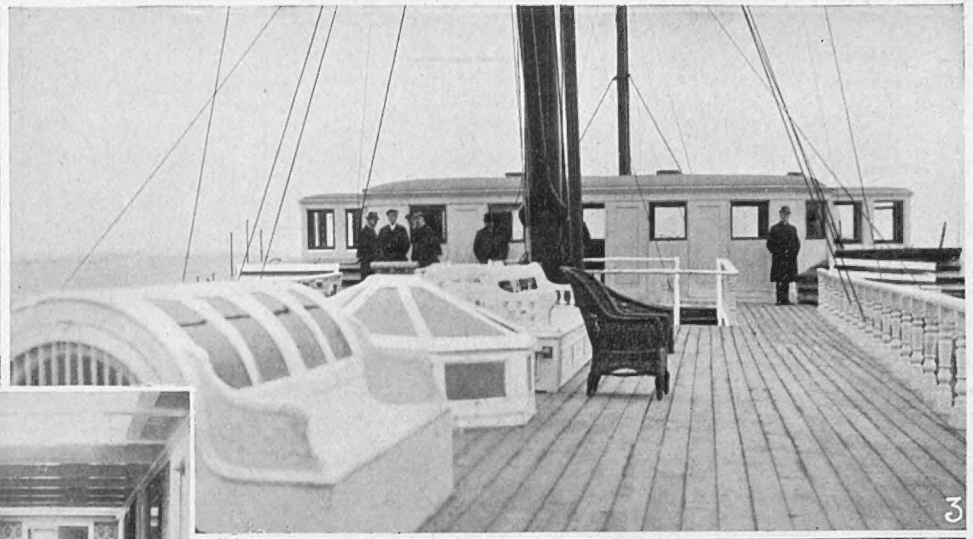

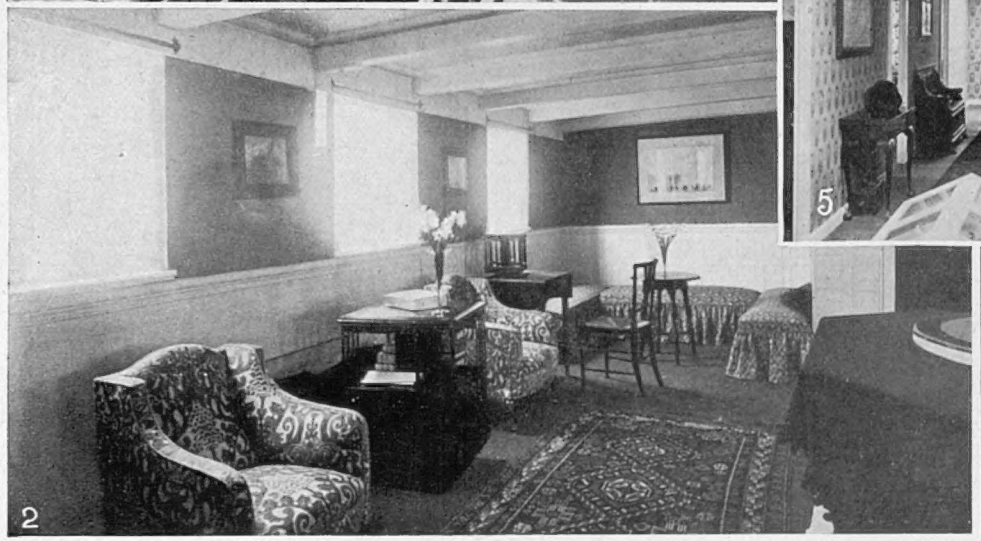

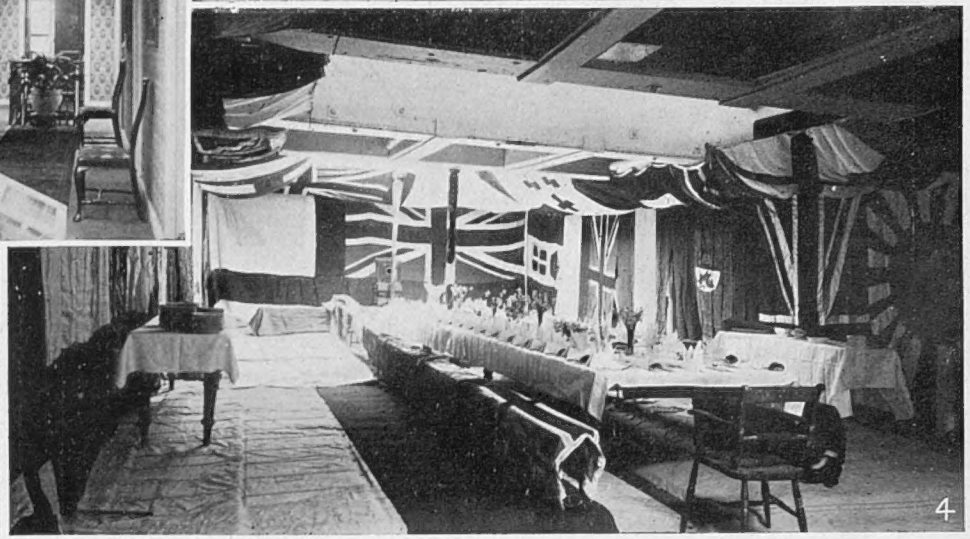

Photos *Topical*

MOTOR YACHT CLUB HOUSE OFF NETLEY

The ex-Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* has been converted into floating summer quarters for members of the Motor Yacht Club. The illustrations show: (1) Visitors leaving Southampton Quay. (2) A corner of the drawing-room. (3) The promenade deck and smoking-room. (4) Below deck, where the inaugural luncheon was held. (5) Corridor on upper deck, with sleeping cabins on either side. Further reference to the Motor Yacht Club will be found under "Automobile Topics"

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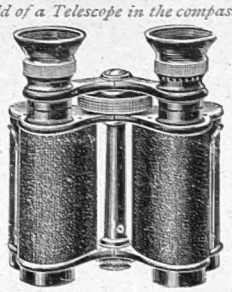

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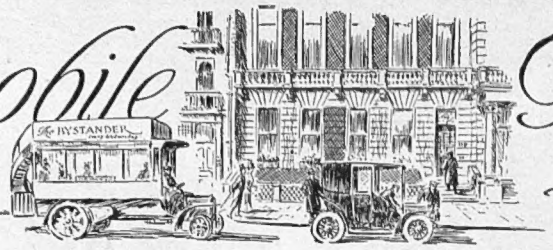
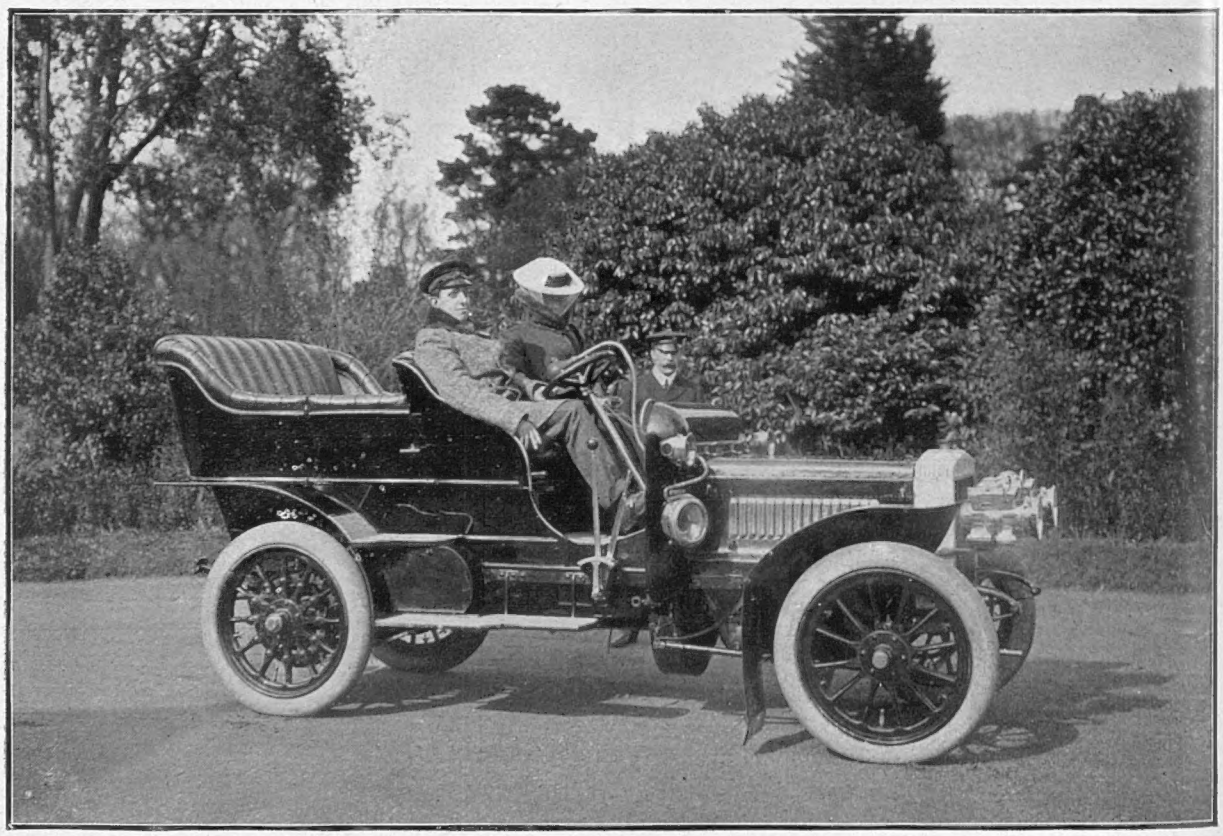


Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Road Maintenance

To the automobilist, as to all users of the King's highway, the question of road maintenance is of the utmost importance. Mud in wet weather, dust in dry, and spring-testing inequalities of surface, are the bugbears of which we have most cause to complain, and any sensible proposal for diminishing these evils deserves our most careful consideration. We all know that motors do not create either dust or mud, but in the pleasurable excitement of driving a powerful car on a country road many of us are too apt to forget that as a disseminator of these unwelcome particles the automobile is *facile princeps*. At a conference recently convened by the engineering section of the London Chamber of Commerce, the Automobile Club, the Motor Union, the Roads Improvement Association, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and other similar bodies, were represented. There was a unanimous consensus of opinion that road maintenance is a State duty, and the following resolution was passed:—"That in the view of this representative conference of road users, convened by the London Chamber of Commerce, the time has now arrived when, in order to secure more efficient and economical maintenance of main roads, the State should establish a central Highway Department, which should administer a Government grant in aid of the maintenance of the trunk highways." In commending this proposal to readers of THE BYSTANDER, I may point out that, under existing conditions, road maintenance is not entirely paid for by local taxation, a considerable percentage coming from Imperial grants, and that the establishment of a Central Board would effect a great saving in administration expenditure. Figures produced by the secretary of the Society of Manufacturers at the conference show that, under the French Ministry of Roads and Bridges, the cost of maintenance is less per mile than in this country. As to the comparative merits of French and English highways there can be no two opinions. Undoubtedly, in the near future, the great increase in motor traffic will make it imperative that our principal main roads must be reconstructed to meet the requirements of the new form of locomotion; and as the matter is closely allied with our national commercial prosperity, I trust the resolution referred to will not be allowed to lie on the table.



Royal automobilists

King Alfonso, when in England, purchased this 30 h.-p. Daimler, and used it extensively on his motor trips with Princess Ena. His Majesty is an expert driver